

RED CIRCLE

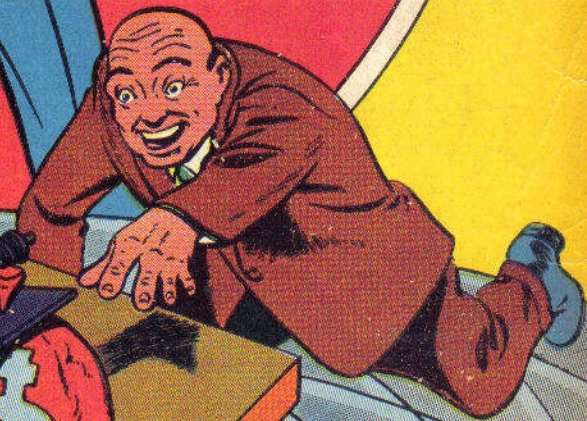
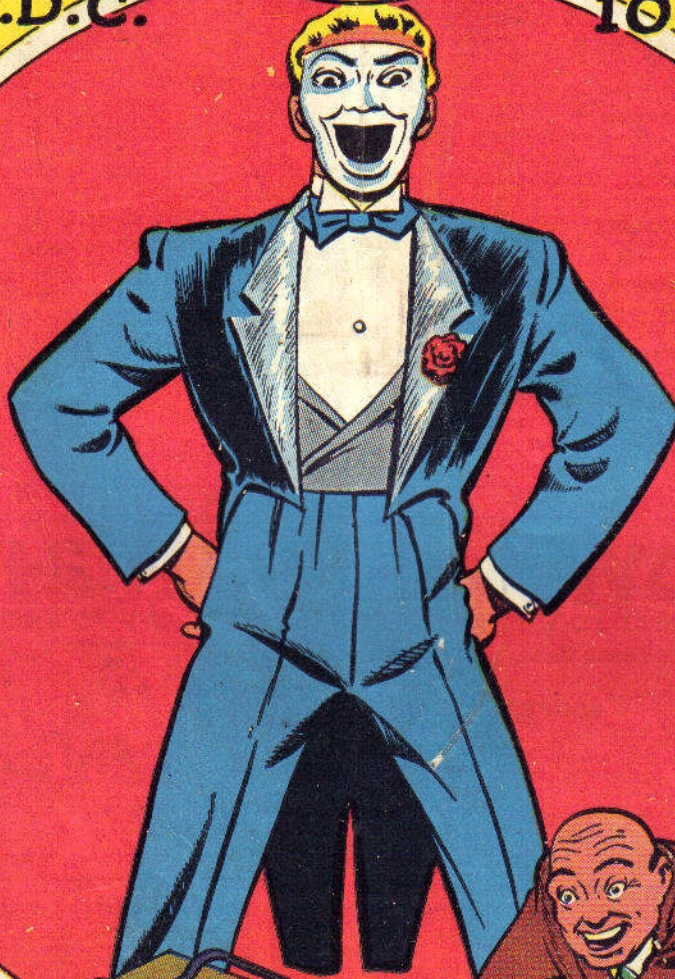
COMICS

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FEBRUARY

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2



The PRANKSTER
SETS A TRAP!!



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JACK BRADLEY



COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY
AND HIS MEN FIND THEM-
SELVES FIGHTING DEATH
AND THE JAPS, IN UPPER
BURMA-WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THIS NAVY MAN
MEETS UP WITH THE
**WILD WA OF THE
HILL COUNTRY?**

SOMEWHERE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN, THE U.S.S. TRUXTON, COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY'S NEW DESTROYER... FLAGSHIP OF HIS MINE SQUADRON... CLEAVES THROUGH THE WAVES, ON HER WAY TO....???



HM, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR!.... A MISSIONARY!..... WHAT IN THE WORLD.....??



AN HOUR LATER A NAVAL CUTTER RAPIDLY APPROACHES JACK BRADLEY'S DESTROYER.

HAVE THE OFFICER OF THE DECK ATTEND THE GANGWAY TO RECEIVE A VISITOR! NOTIFY THE NEXT SHIP ASTERN, OF OUR REDUCTION OF SPEED TO ONE-THIRD!



ALL ENGINES, REDUCE ONE-THIRD

ALL ENGINES, REDUCE ONE THIRD!



A MISSIONARY IS TRANSFERRED FROM THE NAVAL CUTTER TO BRADLEY'S DESTROYER!

WELL, MY LONG JOURNEY IS HALF OVER!



IN COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY'S QUARTERS.

I HAVE BEEN KINDLY ADVISED BY ADMIRAL FLOYD TO TELL MY STORY TO YOU, COMMANDER

IF HE HAS SENT YOU TO ME OUT HERE AT SEA, I REALIZE YOUR MESSAGE MUST BE AN IMPORTANT ONE!



IT IS IMPORTANT TO THE ALLIES BUT FIRST LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING OF MY BACKGROUND! MY FATHER WAS A MISSIONARY, AND LONG BEFORE I WAS BORN, HE WAS ASSIGNED TO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS TERRITORIES IN THE WORLD - TO LIVE AMONG

THE SAVAGE HILL MEN OF BURMA!



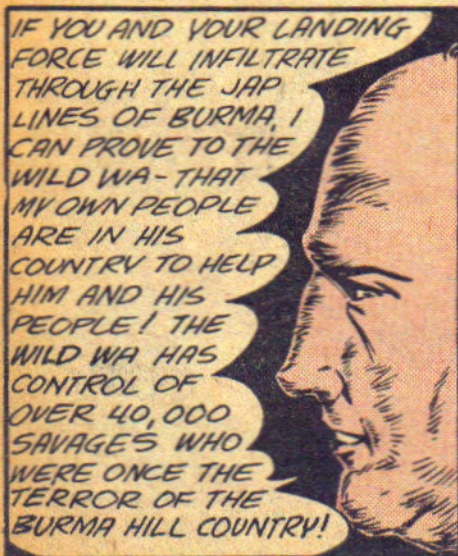
LIVING AMONG THEM FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, HE "TAMED" THEM TO THE POINT WHERE THEY STOPPED BEING HEAD-HUNTERS, BUT THEY ARE STILL DANGEROUS! I HAVE TAKEN UP HIS WORK! I AM AN AMERICAN! I WANT THESE SAVAGE HILL MEN TO BE ON MY COUNTRY'S SIDE!



BEFORE COMING HERE, I HAD TO BREAK THROUGH THE JAP LINES OF BURMA. I KNOW THAT COUNTRY VERY WELL, AND I AM OFFERING TO ACT AS YOUR GUIDE THROUGH THAT COUNTRY!



IF YOU AND YOUR LANDING FORCE WILL INFILTRATE THROUGH THE JAP LINES OF BURMA, I CAN PROVE TO THE WILD WA - THAT MY OWN PEOPLE ARE IN HIS COUNTRY TO HELP HIM AND HIS PEOPLE! THE WILD WA HAS CONTROL OF OVER 40,000 SAVAGES WHO WERE ONCE THE TERROR OF THE BURMA HILL COUNTRY!



IF THE WILD WA SEES YOU AND YOUR MEN INSIDE THE JAP LINES, TRYING TO FREE HIS COUNTRY - HE WOULD ATTACK THE JAPS FROM THE INTERIOR OF HIS COUNTRY!

THEN THE ALLIES WOULD ATTACK FROM THE OUTER EDGES OF THE HILLS, COMING FROM INDIA. I AGREE TO LEAD MY MINE SQUADRON AND LANDING FORCE ON THIS MISSION!



COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY PROCEEDS WITH HIS LITTLE TASK FORCE THROUGH THE INDIAN OCEAN, AND UP THE VAST BAY OF BENGAL.



TIME TO GET UP, SIR. YOU ASKED TO BE CALLED WHEN WE REACHED THIS AREA!



THANK YOU. HOW IS THE WEATHER?

CLEAR, SIR, WITH A LONG STEADY ROLL TO THE WAVES, SIR!

GOOD!



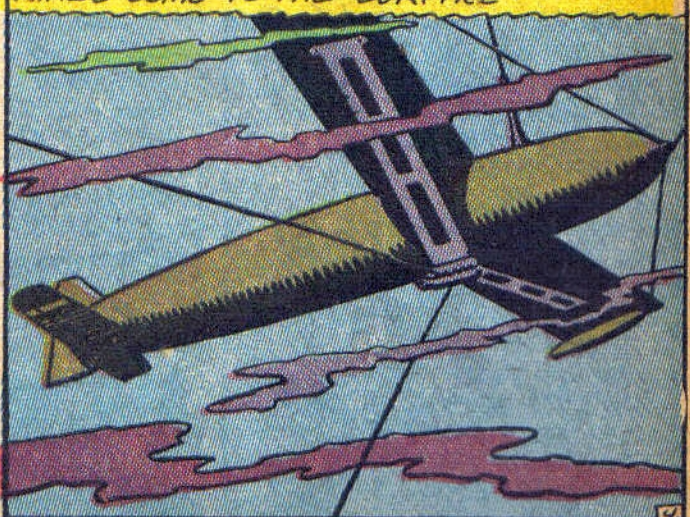
NOTIFY ALL THE VESSELS TO DOUBLE THEIR LOOKOUTS! TELL THEM TO KEEP A SHARP WATCH FOR MINES. HAVE THE MINESWEEPERS EMPLOY THEIR ANTI-MINE EQUIPMENT!



THE MINE SWEEPERS START SWEEPING FOR THE MINES BY MEANS OF THEIR PARAVANES!



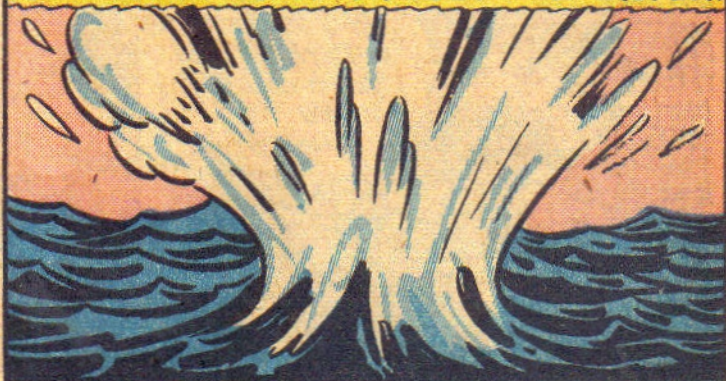
THE PARAVANES FIND THE CONNECTING CABLES THAT ARE ATTACHED TO THE MINES, THEN THEY CUT THEM! THUS THE DEADLY MINES COME TO THE SURFACE!



MINE BROAD ON THE PORT BOW! NUMBER FOUR GUN, LINE UP YOUR SIGHTS! READY?..... FIRE!



THE DEADLY MINE, MENACE TO OUR SHIPPING AND TO OUR BRAVE SEAMEN IS HIT SQUARELY BY THE GUNNERS OF BRADLEY'S DESTROYER!



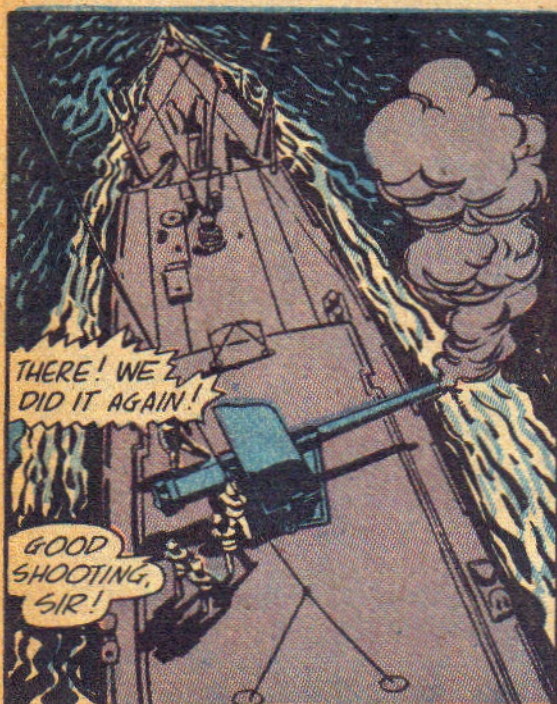
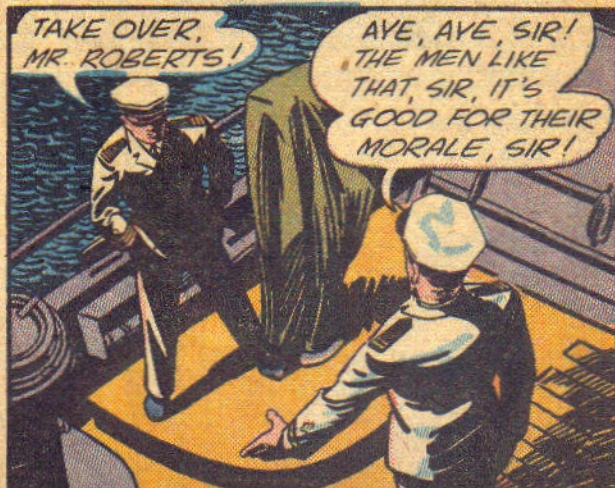
MEN, WE'LL HAVE A COMPETITION! I'M GOING TO FIRE NUMBER THREE GUN, AND SEE IF YOU GUNNERS CAN BEAT YOUR "SKIPPER" IN "KNOCKING OFF" THE MOST MINES! THE GUN CREWS WHO EXPLODE THE MOST MINES GET A REWARD! WHAT DO YOU SAY, MEN?



CHEER!

TAKE OVER, MR. ROBERTS!

AYE, AYE, SIR! THE MEN LIKE THAT, SIR, IT'S GOOD FOR THEIR MORALE, SIR!



THERE! WE DID IT AGAIN!

GOOD SHOOTING, SIR!

THAT NIGHT, IN COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY'S QUARTERS.

HERE IS THE SPOT, WE'LL STORM THE BEACH AT DAWN, MR. ROBERTS! IS THE MOST FAVORABLE AREA FOR A LANDING! MAKE PREPARATIONS WITH THE L.C.I.'S! I'LL HEAD THE MARINE RAIDERS! YOU TAKE OVER WHILE I'M AWAY, MR. ROBERTS!



AYE, AYE, SIR!

TWO HOURS BEFORE DAWN!

THEY ARE NOT EXPECTING ANY VISITORS! THEY'RE DEPENDING ON THEIR NAVY TO GUARD THESE WATERS!

LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTS AND CAMP-FIRE SHOWING, SIR!

WELL, MR ROBERTS, THIS IS IT! KEEP THE SHIP MOVING ALONG, BACK AND FORTH, YET KEEPING THE BEACH WITHIN RANGE! HAVE THE GUNNERS' PICK OFF THEIR ASSIGNED TARGETS!

MEN, WE ARE ABOUT TO LAY DOWN A "SOFTENING UP" BARRAGE TO PROTECT OUR MEN WHO ARE GOING IN ASSAULT BOATS TO THE BEACH! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

FOR TWO HOURS, JACK BRADLEY'S TASK FORCE POUNDED THE JAP INSTALLATIONS!

MR. ROBERTS: HAVE THE GUNNERS ELEVATE THEIR GUNS AND KEEP THE BARRAGE ROLLING AHEAD OF OUR MEN! TAKE OVER, MR ROBERTS! GOOD LUCK, SIR!

BRADLEY TAKES HIS POSITION IN THE LEADING BOAT, AND ADVANCES TOWARDS THE BEACH!

ON THAT SHORE, MEN, ARE THE RATS WHO TORTURED AND MISTREATED OUR BUDDIES AT BATAAN! REMEMBER?

COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY ORDERS HIS ASSAULT BOAT RUN IN NEAR A DOCK JUTTING OUT INTO THE WATER!

WORK YOUR WAY IN FROM HERE, MEN! KEEP CLOSE TO THE DOCK, BUT DON'T CLIMB ONTO IT! THE JAPS ARE SPRAYING IT WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE!



WHEN YOU MAKE THE BEACH-HEAD, MEN... DON'T TRY TO HOLD IT! KEEP MOVING INTO THE INTERIOR! INFILTRATE INTO THE BRUSH AND KEEP GOING UNTIL YOU HAVE TRAVELLED ABOUT 500 YARDS! THEN WE'LL REFORM OUR COLUMN!

THE NAVY HAD DONE ITS WORK WELL! ALTHOUGH THE MARINES HAD NO TEAPARTY IN INFILTRATING PAST THE BEACH-HEAD, THEIR WORK WAS MADE EASIER BY THE SHELL-FIRE OF THE AMERICAN WARSHIPS!



JUST A MINUTE, REV... WHILE I CLEAN OUT A NEST OF JAPS OVER THERE!

COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY, AFTER REFORMING HIS COLUMN, ADVANCES WITH HIS MARINE RAIDERS INTO THE HILL COUNTRY OF THE WILD WA!

THAT WAS GOOD WORK, MAJOR! TAKING THAT BEACH!



ON THE TRAIL, THE NEXT DAY, THE MISSIONARY DISPATCHES A WARRIOR OF THE WILD WA... WHO APPEARED SILENTLY OUT OF NOWHERE... TO SEND DRUM MESSAGES ON AHEAD, TO THE WILD WA... TELLING HIM THAT THE MISSIONARY IS RETURNING WITH SOME OF HIS PEOPLE!



ALONG THE TRAIL, COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY AND HIS COLUMN PUSH ON TO MEET THE WILD WA!



YES, THE WILD WA IS CALLING HIS PEOPLE TO HIM. THEY WANT TO LOOK YOU AND YOUR OUTFIT OVER, CAREFULLY!

THOSE DRUMMERS SURE ARE BUSY!

IF THE DRUMS ARE SAYING THAT... WHY DON'T WE SEE OR HEAR SOME OF THE WILD WA'S MEN GOING OUR WAY?



DID YOU EVER HEAR A SHADOW?

PUT. BROWN REPORTING FROM THE CORPORAL OF THE ADVANCE GUARD, SIR! THE POINT MAN REPORTS A GATHERING OF NATIVES IN A CLEARING, SIR!

VERY GOOD, PRIVATE!



BRADLEY HAS THE MISSIONARY GO IN ALONE TO THE CLEARING, WHILE HE AND HIS MARINE RAIDERS STEATHILY SURROUND THE WILD WA!

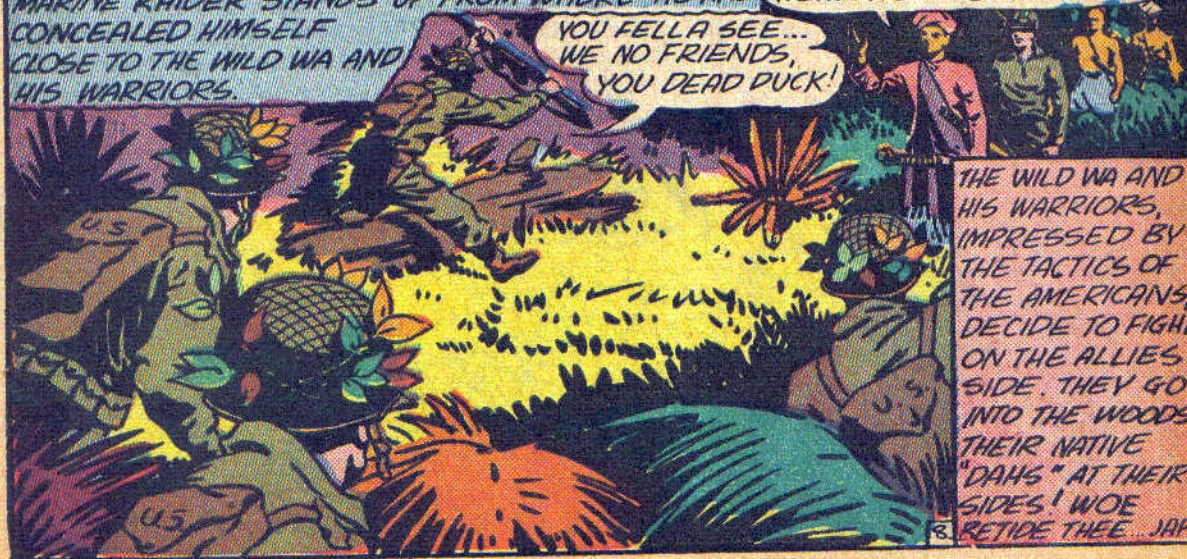
WHERE YOU FELLA BANG, BANG? THEY 'FRAID? NO HERE?



YOU FELLA WAIT ...THIS FELLA DO!

AT THE SOUND OF THE MISSIONARY'S WHISTLE, EACH MARINE RAIDER STANDS UP FROM WHERE HE HAS CONCEALED HIMSELF CLOSE TO THE WILD WA AND HIS WARRIORS.

YOU FELLA GOOD! THIS FELLA HEAR NO! YOUR SIDE!



YOU FELLA SEE... WE NO FRIENDS, YOU DEAD DUCK!

THE WILD WA AND HIS WARRIORS, IMPRESSED BY THE TACTICS OF THE AMERICANS, DECIDE TO FIGHT ON THE ALLIES' SIDE. THEY GO INTO THE WOODS THEIR NATIVE "DANS" AT THEIR SIDES! WOE RETIDE THEE... JAPS!

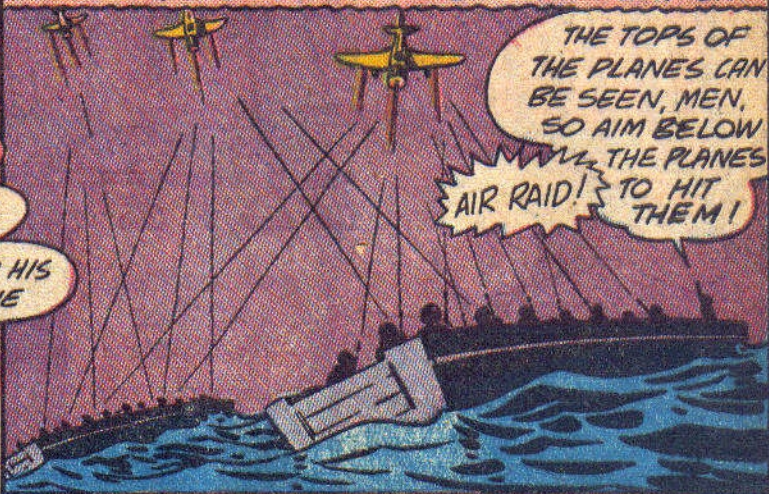
JACK BRADLEY'S MISSION BEING ACCOMPLISHED, HE AND HIS MEN FIGHT THEIR WAY BACK THROUGH THE JAP LINES TO WHERE THE ALLIES ARE STARTING TO CLOSE IN ON THE HILL COUNTRY!

GETTING THE WILD WA TO BE ON OUR SIDE WAS EXCELLENT!

YOU AND YOUR MEN MOVING UP INTO THE HILLS WILL HELP THE WILD WA TO RID HIS COUNTRY OF THE JAPS!



FIGHTING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BEACHHEAD WHICH NOW BELONGS TO THE ALLIES... BRADLEY AND HIS MEN EMBARK IN THEIR ASSAULT BOATS, WHICH ARE TAKING THEM BACK TO THEIR SHIPS... WHEN...



THE TOPS OF THE PLANES CAN BE SEEN, MEN, SO AIM BELOW THE PLANES TO HIT THEM!

AIR RAID!



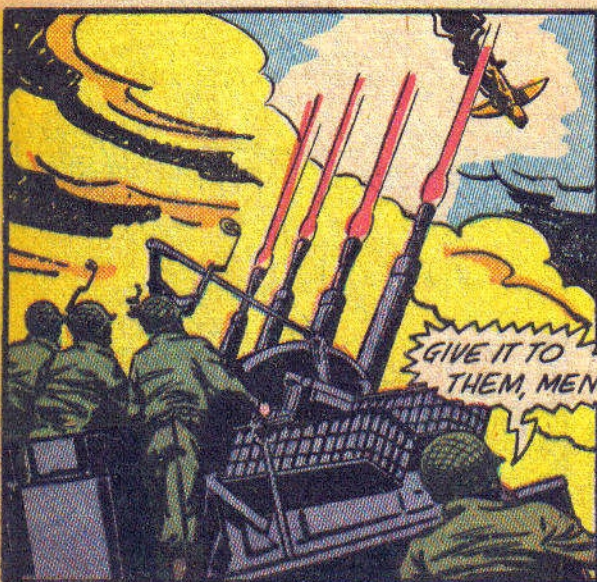
WE GOT ONE OF THEM, MEN! GOOD WORK!

MAKING THE WARSHIPS, THE MEN QUICKLY GET ABOARD BY MEANS OF ASSAULT NETS! THE SHIPS IMMEDIATELY GET UNDER WAY!



THANK YOU, SIR!

UP YOU GO! JUST A SHORT CLIMB!



GIVE IT TO THEM, MEN!



YES SIR, IT WILL BE PEACEFUL AROUND HERE, NOW, SIR!

WELL, ALL THE JAP PLANES ARE SHOT DOWN!

IF MR. ROBERTS, COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER, ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR THEM... BE SURE TO READ NEXT MONTHS.. RED CIRCLE AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS!

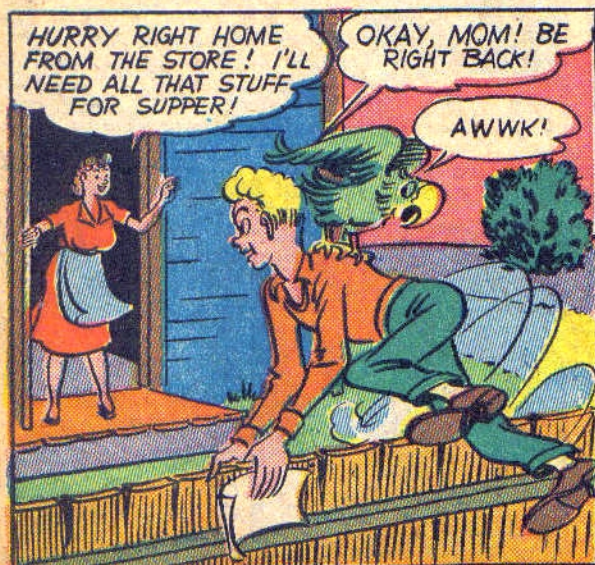
Dinky DIBBS

DETECTIVE



DINKY DIBBS AND HIS PET PARROT, CRACKER, GET THEMSELVES MIXED UP WITH A REAL LIVE GHOST WHEN—

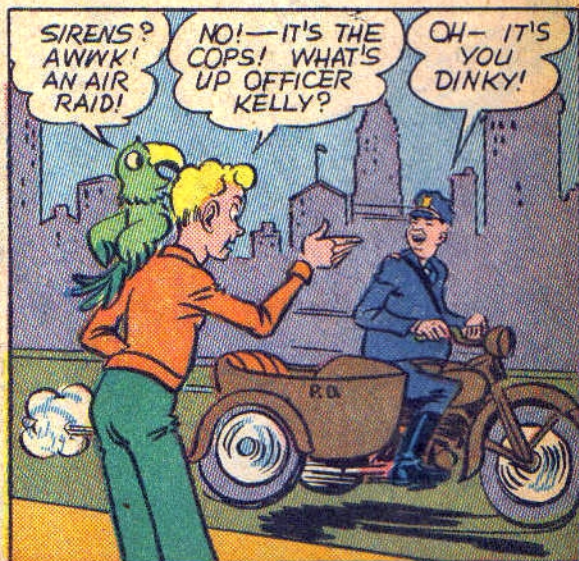
DEATH ROBS A BANK!



HURRY RIGHT HOME FROM THE STORE! I'LL NEED ALL THAT STUFF FOR SUPPER!

OKAY, MOM! BE RIGHT BACK!

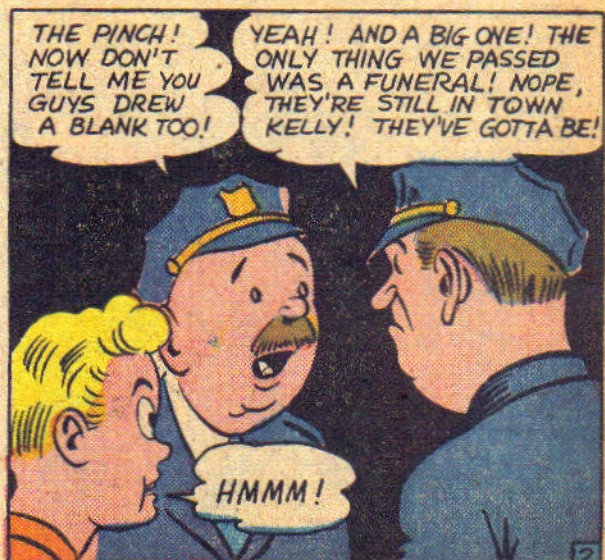
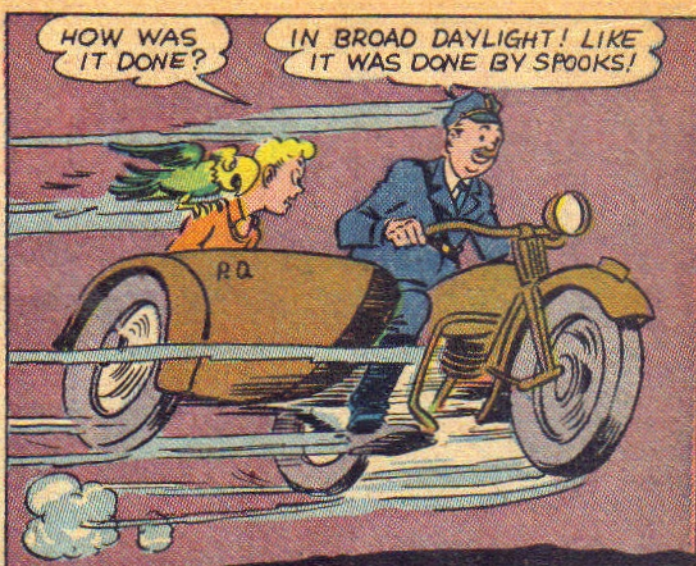
AWWK!

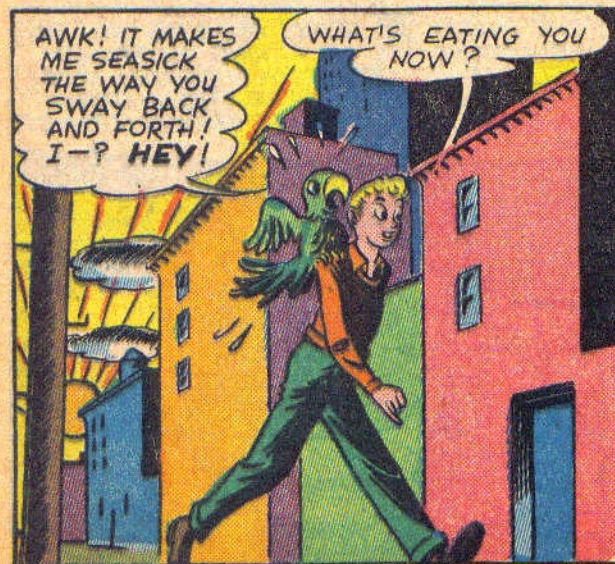


SIRENS? AWWK! AN AIR RAID!

NO!— IT'S THE COPS! WHAT'S UP OFFICER KELLY?

OH— IT'S YOU DINKY!

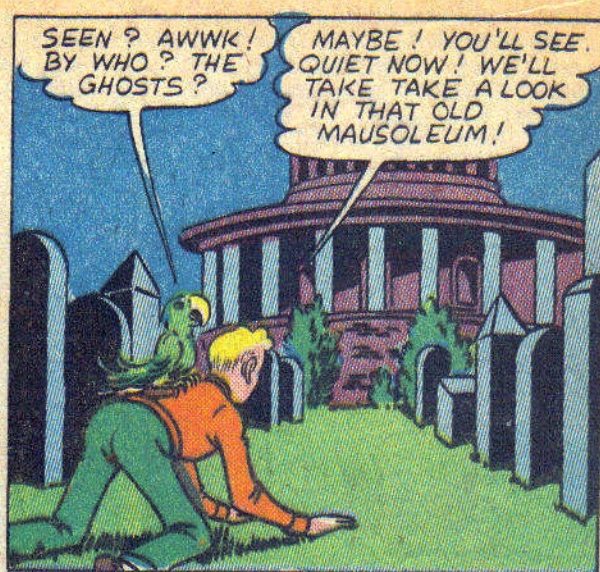






AWWK!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

CALL IT CURIOSITY, OLD
BOY! SHHH! DUCK, WE
DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN!



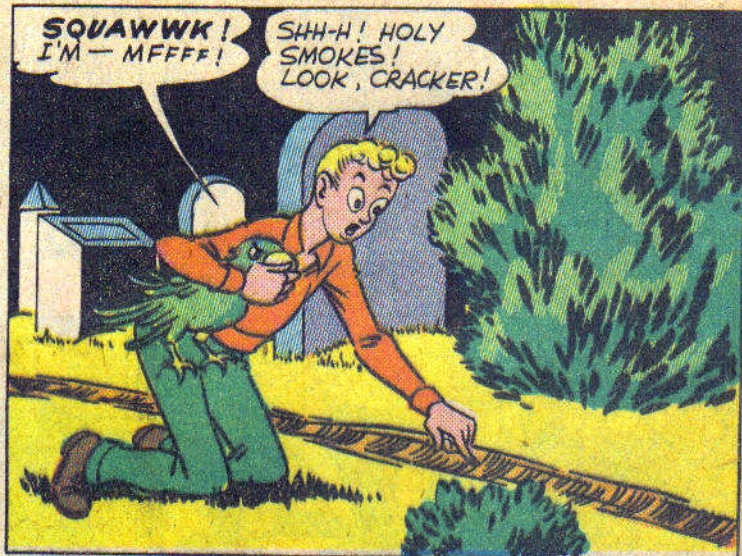
SEEN? AWWK!
BY WHO? THE
GHOSTS?

MAYBE! YOU'LL SEE.
QUIET NOW! WE'LL
TAKE TAKE A LOOK
IN THAT OLD
MAUSOLEUM!



AWWK! HA,
HA! I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID
IN IT!

HA, HA! THAT'S
WHAT I DID
SAY, CHUMI
QUIET!



SQUAWWK!
I'M - MFFFF!

SHH-H! HOLY
SMOKES!
LOOK, CRACKER!



TIRE MARKS!
WHAT'S SO
FUNNY ABOUT
THAT?

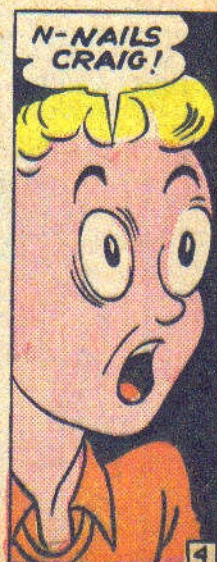
DON'T YOU SEE?
THEY GO RIGHT UP
TO THE WALL LIKE
IT WAS A GARAGE
DOOR! GOSH! I
WONDER HOW IT
OPENS!



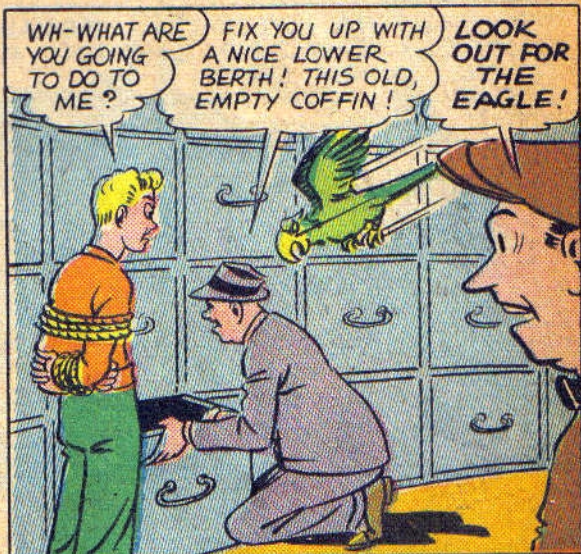
PUT YOUR HANDS
UP, SMART GUY,
AND MAYBE I'LL
SHOW YOU!

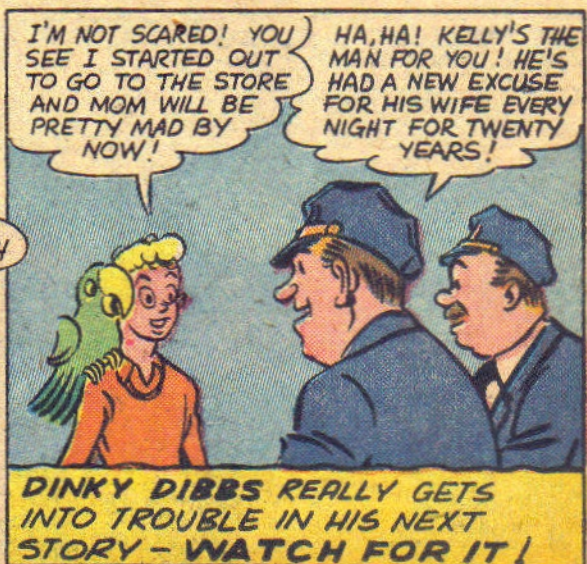
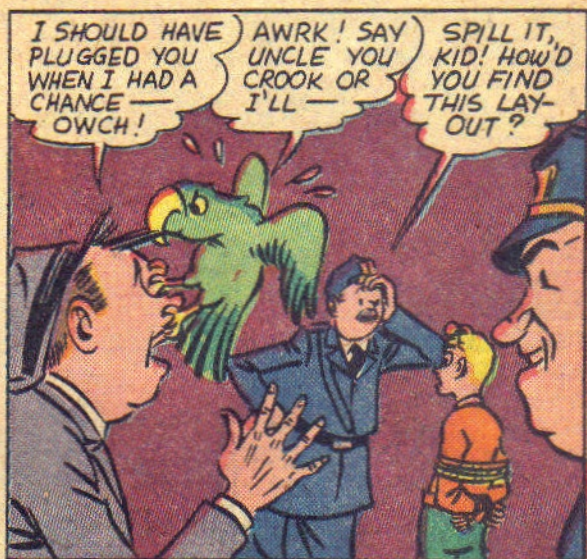
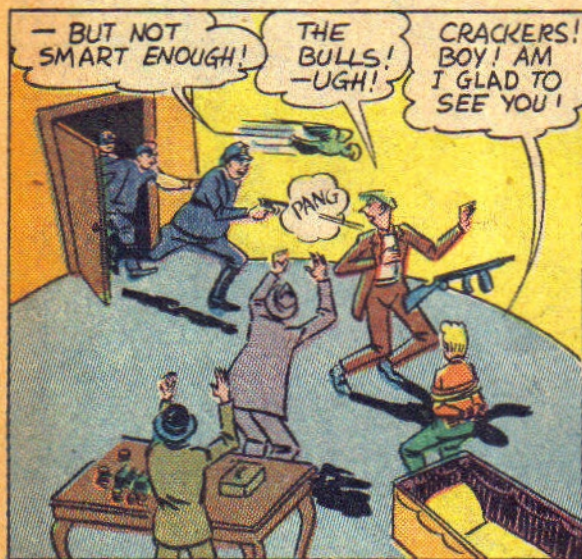
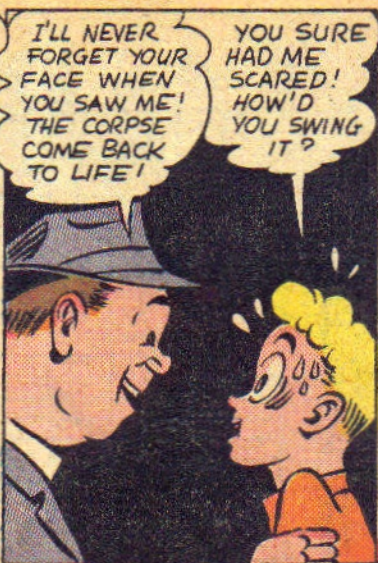
YIPE!

?

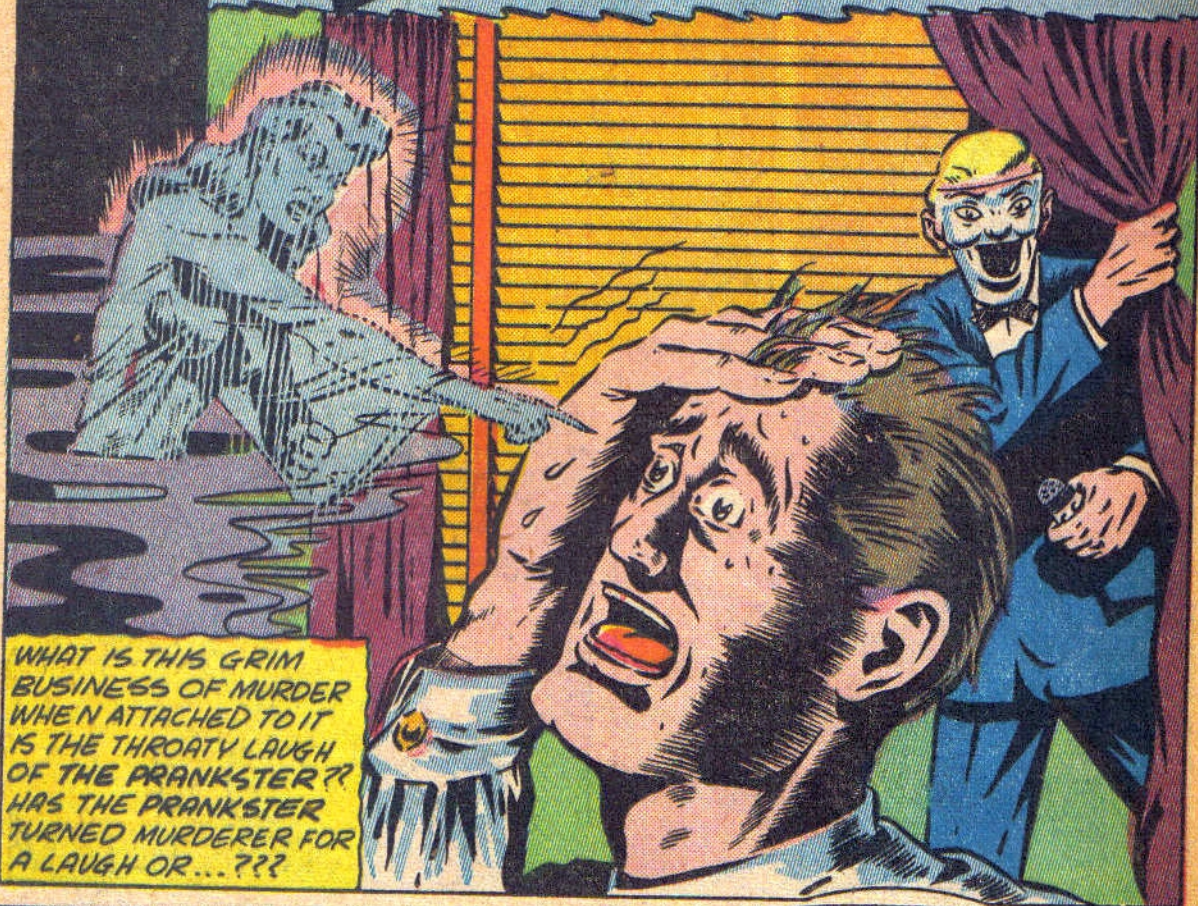


N-NAILS
CRAIG!





THE PRANKSTER



WHAT IS THIS GRIM BUSINESS OF MURDER WHEN ATTACHED TO IT IS THE THROATY LAUGH OF THE PRANKSTER?? HAS THE PRANKSTER TURNED MURDERER FOR A LAUGH OR...???

THE PRELUDE TO MURDER WAS THIS INSIGNIFICANT DEVICE WHICH MIKE MORGAN, THE PRANKSTER, DEvised FOR A LAUGH...

THIS MORGAN-CLACKER OUGHT TO SCARE TH' WITS OUT OF THIS WHOLE FANGLED HOTEL! HA! HA!

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ATTACH IT TO SOME DOOR, RING THE BELL AND... HO! HA! HA! HA! WHATTA LAUGH!



THIS ROOM'S AS GOOD AS ANY! NOW I'LL RING THE BELL! HA! HA!

807



HA! SOMEONE'S ANSWERING THE BELL... HA-HA!



A YOUNG WOMAN COMES TO THE DOOR AND...

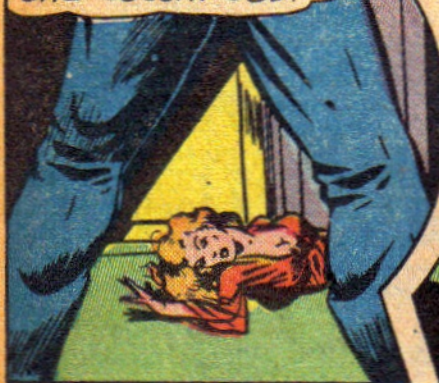
SCREEEEEEEE...
OHHHH-HHHH!

HA! HA! LOOKIT HER FACE!



HOWEVER, MORGAN'S PRACTICAL JOKE TURNS SOUR AS...

HOLY GRIEF! SHE COLLAPSED!

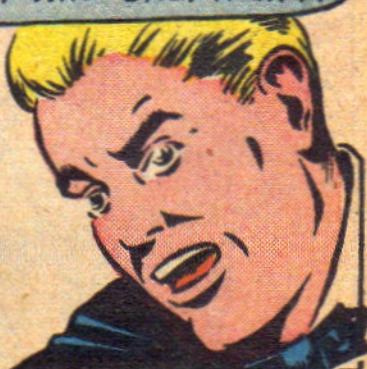


MIKE RUSHES TO THE STRICKEN WOMAN AS...

HEY, PAL... C'MERE AND HELP ME...



WELL... HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT HOSPITALITY? HE RAN INTO HIS ROOM AS IF I HAD THE PLAGUE... HEY, MISS... WAKE UP! IT WAS ONLY A GAG!



MISS... MISS... OH GOLLY... SHE... SHE'S NOT BREATHING!

HEY! WHO SCREAMED?



WHAT'S WRONG?

ONE SIDE, PLEASE... I'M THE HOTEL PHYSICIAN...

G-GOSH! I-I DIDN'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN!





LISTEN, PAL! IF YOU HOLD THAT REPORT AND COME OVER HERE, WITH YOUR HELP, I'LL HAVE THE MURDERER IN TWO HOURS! OKAY?

BE RIGHT OVER, MIKE!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

HERE I AM, MIKE! IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU, YOU PLAY ALL THE POLICE BENEFITS FOR NOTHING OR YOU'D BE IN JAIL!

LISTEN...

YEAH! I KNOW ... HERE'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

MINUTES LATER, MIKE MORGAN IN THE ROLE OF THE PRANKSTER ENTERS THE DEAD WOMAN'S ROOM...

I'M SURE I SPOTTED SOME RECORDINGS IN HERE BEFORE...

HERE THEY ARE! HMM, RECORDS OF MISS STANTON'S VOICE USED FOR VOICE IMPROVEMENT! GOOD! I'LL PLAY ONE OFF AND...

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I MUST REMEMBER TO THANK THE NIGHT MAN FOR THE KEYS! HA! NOW TO MAKE THE TEST ON OUR UNGALLANT FRIEND ACROSS THE HALL... I THINK HIS NAME IS MR. FARREL!

MEANWHILE, MR. FARREL SEEMS ANXIOUS TO DROWN OUT SOME HORRIBLE MEMORY...

SUDDENLY, A VOICE FROM THE DEAD SHOCKS FARREL OUT OF HIS STUPOR...

FARREL ... FARREL! THIS IS GRACE... WHY ... WHY DID YOU DO IT?

YEOW! NO! NO!



BOSS of the ALLEYS

A QUEER prickle of excitement ran through Tracy Hall's slender body and he raked nervous fingers through his blonde hair.

The loud speaker blared: "We want to call your attention to a special match just starting on alleys three and four. This is a three-game singles match between two boys whom you all know well, because they are both outstanding bowlers. There is no money at stake, no prize to be won. It is just a friendly match, arranged by Ted Davis, the World's Champion bowler, who will act as scorekeeper."

But Tracy Hall knew different, and so did his opponent, Jimmy Riddle.

The best performer in this match would be chosen to accompany the World's Champion on his coming tour, and would also be made manager of Mr. Davis's new bowling arcade, now nearing completion on the west coast.

The crowd applauded wildly. Ted Davis rose and took a bow. Then he sat down on the chair by the score stand and looked at Tracy's opponent, Jimmy Riddle. "All set, Jimmy?"

"How about you, Tracy?"

Tracy smiled. "I'm all right, I guess, but I'll have to use a house ball. My own ball seems to have disappeared."

"That's too bad. When did you find that out?"

"When I looked in my locker, the ball was gone."

Jimmy Riddle's face lighted with a cynical smile. "That's a pretty good alibi, Tracy." His eyes flashed viciously. "You probably hid it yourself, so you'd have an alibi for getting beat."

THE champion smiled kindly. "I'm sorry, Tracy, but I guess you'll have to do the best you can with a house ball."

Tracy stepped on the runway of alley three and threw his regular hook. The ball rolled fast, with an inward spin imparted by his lifting fingers, and hooked across the middle of the alley where the head pin should have been. As he came back from the foul line he watched Jimmy Riddle's fast hook streak down alley four and slam into the imaginary pocket.

Tracy picked his ball off the rack and threw his practice ball on alley four. He felt better as the hooking ball zoomed squarely into the imaginary New York pocket. And on alley three, he saw Riddle's vicious hook slash unerringly into the right side pocket.

Davis said, softly. "Now, let's start. First game on three and four, then we'll move to five and six, and then seven and eight. Let's go."

Tracy hefted his ball carefully, and strode easily, smoothly toward the foul line. The ball zipped forward, hooking rapidly to the left. And hit a little high on the New York side. He left up the 2-7 'baby split', a Murphy.

Tracy saw Riddle's first ball cross over in a skipper Brooklyn that made the pins sweep off the alley but the ten pin stuck. Jim shot the singleton easily for his spare, but Tracy got too much hook and passed the two pin. He was behind already.

IN the fourth and fifth frames Riddle struck and got nine in the sixth before he made his spare. But Tracy bore down hard and owned a turkey at the end of the fifth. Then he tacked on two more pocket hits to run his string of strikes to five and was twenty pins ahead of his rival with six frames filled.

Then disaster struck. At the end of the sixth Jimmy Riddle had run behind the alleys to get a drink from the bubbler. When Tracy made his eighth frame first shot, his left foot hit a wet spot on the runway. His foot stopped suddenly, but the momentum of his swinging arm toppled his body over the line for a foul and the pins he got didn't count. The foul had been a costly one.

It cost him the first game. He filled the ninth and the tenth frames and finished with 203, but Jimmy Riddle, smiling confidently, proceeded to turkey out and he finished with 215. Tracy was twelve pins down.

As they moved to alleys five and six to start the second game, the house manager was whispering confidentially to Ted Davis and the start was delayed a few minutes. Then Tracy poured

on the heat and started with a turkey on three neat pocket hits. But Jimmy Riddle's vicious hook matched his performance, pin for pin. They filled in their frames cleanly until the tenth, with Tracy a mere five or six pins to the good.

And again, ill fortune seemed to dog his trail, and turned victory into defeat, for his first ball went in light and he left up the difficult 5-7 split. He failed to convert, and finished with a 206 total. Jimmy Riddle, practically bursting with confidence now, made a spare and added a nine count to finish with 209. Tracy was now fifteen pins behind, with only one game to go.

AS they moved to alleys seven and eight for the final game of the match, the loudspeaker announced the score. "Jimmy Riddle is leading at the end of the second game of this special match by a score of 424 to 409."

Jimmy Riddle zoomed his vicious hook into the pocket for a strike. And then, Tracy, because he knew he had to do it, poured on the heat and laid a neat strike ball squarely in the pocket. And as the ball left his hand, he was sure he had finally mastered his delivery with the strange house ball.

Now Riddle was angry and worried. He got nine and a spare in the eighth. But Tracy had the range now and he cashed in a perfect pocket hit to build a turkey. He was now more than twenty points to the good.

Tracy's hopes soared when Riddle could get only eight and a spare in the ninth. Then Tracy took his shot. And hit the pocket once more with a sweeping hook that swept the alley clean. Strike. Four in a row.

THE boys changed alleys for the tenth frame. Tracy bent over to lift his ball from the rack and Jimmy Riddle's anger-flushed face glared at him. "Horseshoe! Shoot again, see what you get this time."

Tracy took his approach and his arm swept forward. And then a loud crash on the runway behind him made his body jerk with surprise and the runway shook under his feet. He jerked his arm, the ball slid futilely off his fingers,

Trickled down the side of the alley and picked off only three pins.

He looked back. Riddle had dropped his sixteen-pound ball off the rack and the noise had disconcerted Tracy. All he could do was to try to pick up his spare. But he failed to convert the spare and he finished the game with 207.

Riddle, grinning like a demon, proceeded to make a spare and a nine count, and finished with 193. Tracy had picked up only 14 pins and that wasn't enough to win. He needed fifteen.

The loudspeaker said. "Riddle wins. Totals, Riddle 617, Hall 616."

Tracy offered his hand. "Congratulations, Riddle. You bowled a nice series."

Riddle ignored him and turned to Ted Davis. "Well, champ, when do we start on the tour?"

Davis spoke very softly. "Tracy and I will leave next week."

Riddle's eyes flared. "Tracy? I won the match. I got the most pins."

Davis smiled. "You got the most pins—in your own way. But Tracy gave the best performance. He didn't complain when he had to use a strange ball. He didn't complain when you made him foul by putting water on the alleys. And he didn't complain when you purposely dropped your ball on the runway to distract him."

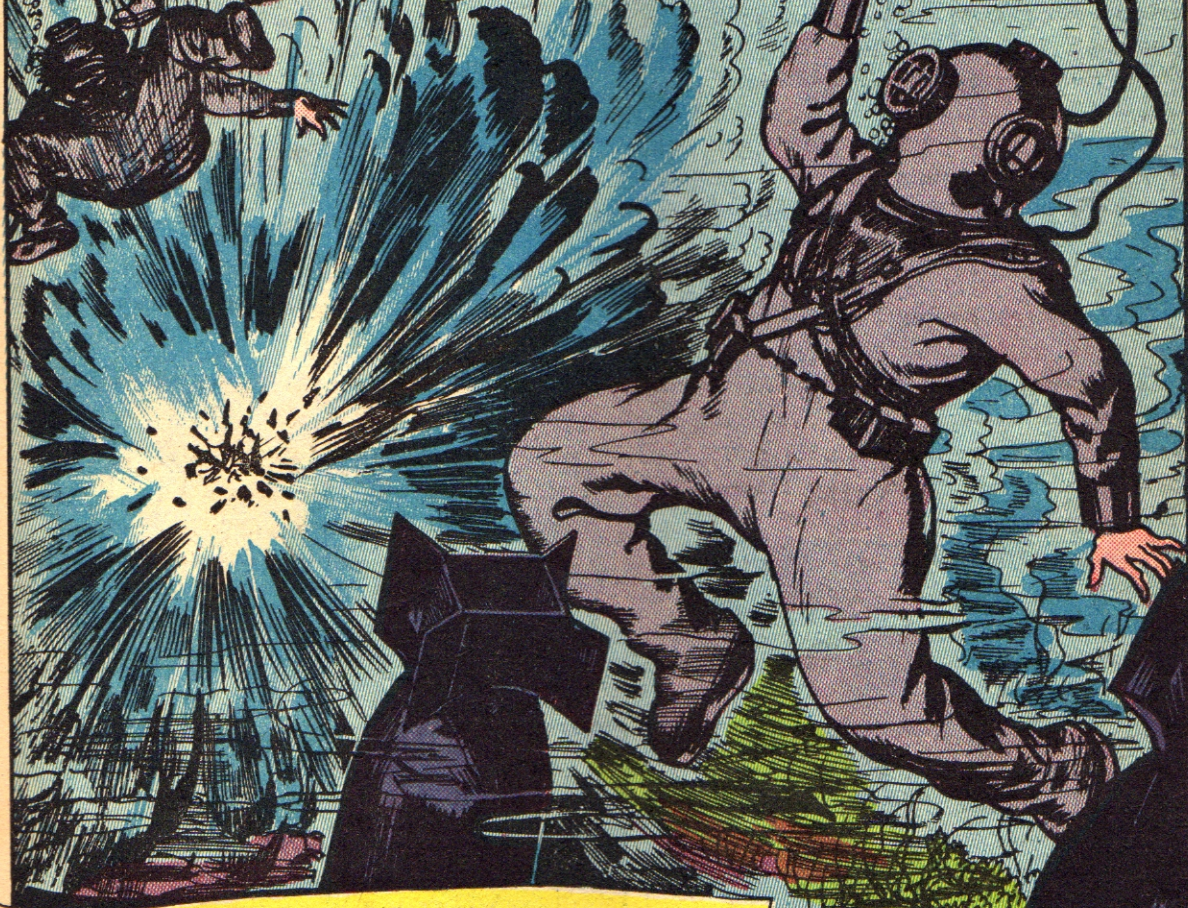
Riddle stormed. "That's unfair. I'm not responsible for accidents."

Davis frowned. "Accidents? The house manager says you're the only person who has a pass key to all the lockers and only you could have hidden Tracy's ball. He also saw you wet your heel with water so you'd cause Tracy to foul, and everybody saw you drop your ball to distract him in the tenth frame."

The champion turned to Tracy with a smile on his face. "Honesty and good sportsmanship are just as important as good scores to any bowler—or an alley manager." He extended his hand to Tracy. "Shake—manager."

THE END

FIFTY FATHOMS FOSTER



WHEN LIEUTENANT COMMANDER LLOYD FOSTER AND HIS TROUPE OF NAVAL UNDER-WATER TROUBLE SHOOTERS GO ABOUT TRYING TO EXTRICATE THREE LIVE BOMBS FROM THE BED OF THE OCEAN, SOMETHING IS SURE TO HAPPEN AND IT DOES IN THE MOST SURPRISING MANNER AS FIFTY FATHOMS FOSTER GOES BELOW TO CANCEL
"THREE TICKETS TO DEATH"!

STEAMING INTO THE AUSTRALIAN HARBOR OF PORT MORESBY--ON BOARD THE U.S.S. SALVAGE---

HI, SKIP!
WHAT'S OUR
ASSIGNMENT
HERE?

AN EASY
ONE, BOB!
VERY EASY.

ALL WE HAVE TO
DO IS EXTRICATE
THREE LIVE JAP
BOMBS FROM THE
HARBOR BOTTOM.
RELICS OF THE
1942 BOMBINGS
OF MORESBY!
SIMPLE, EH?

LIVE
BOMBS!?
SIMPLE?
BRR!

THE U.S.S. SALVAGE DOCKS-- LT. COMMANDER FOSTER SPEAKS TO THE TIRED CREW ---

ALL RIGHT, MEN!
YOU HAVE TWENTY FOUR
HOURS' LIBERTY! GO
ASHORE AND ENJOY
YOURSELVES!

OH,
BOY!

ME FOR
THE NEAREST
DANCE
PALACE!

HO! I'M
LOADING
UP ON
AUSTRALIAN
HAMBURGERS!

SAY, STEVE...I
HEAR THE BLUE
MOON CAFE IS
A NICE PLACE
TO HAVE FUN
AT!

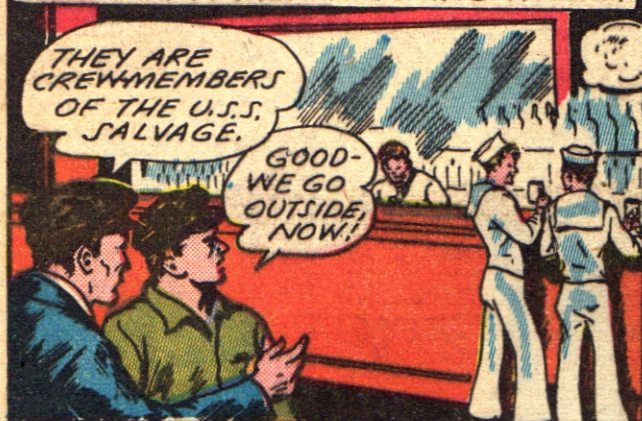
FUN! THAT'S
WHAT WE
WANT! LET'S
GO,

HERE'S THE
PLACE!

WELL, WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING
FOR?

THE
BLUE MOON

STEVE AND JIM ARE UNAWARE OF TWO CRAFTY MEN WATCHING THEM...



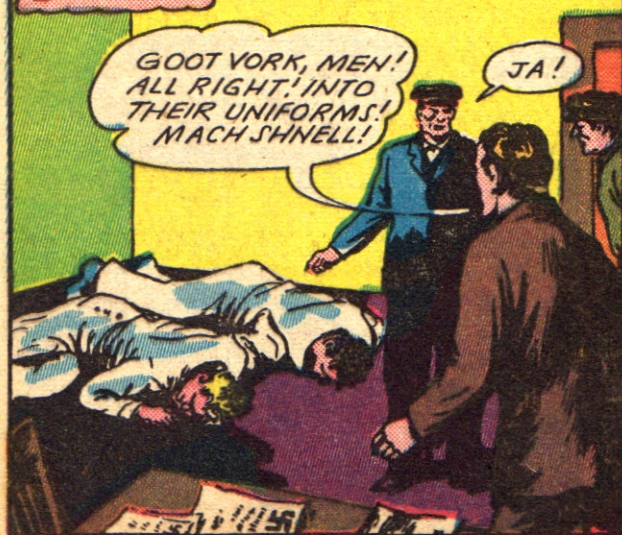
LATER...



THE UNCONSCIOUS SAILORS ARE DRAGGED INTO AN ALLEYWAY AND THROUGH A DOOR.



INSIDE--





AH! WITH THIS PLASTIC MAKE-UP, WE WILL EASILY PASS FOR THE NAVY DIVERS!

YES.

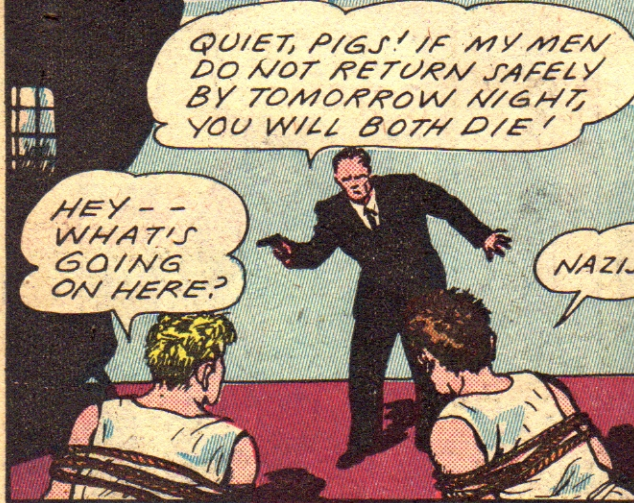


GOOT LUCK, MEN! DO A GOOT JOB!



WE WILL, HERR MANHEIM! AUF WIEDERSEHN!

THE TWO AMERICAN SAILORS COME TO, ONLY TO FIND --

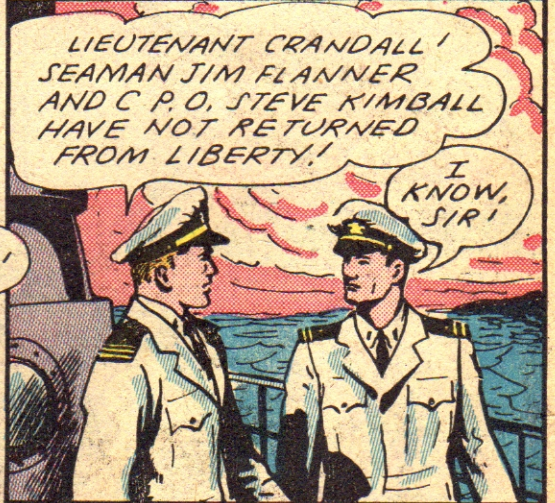


QUIET, PIGS! IF MY MEN DO NOT RETURN SAFELY BY TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU WILL BOTH DIE!

HEY -- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NAZIS!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SALVAGE BOAT MUCH LATER!

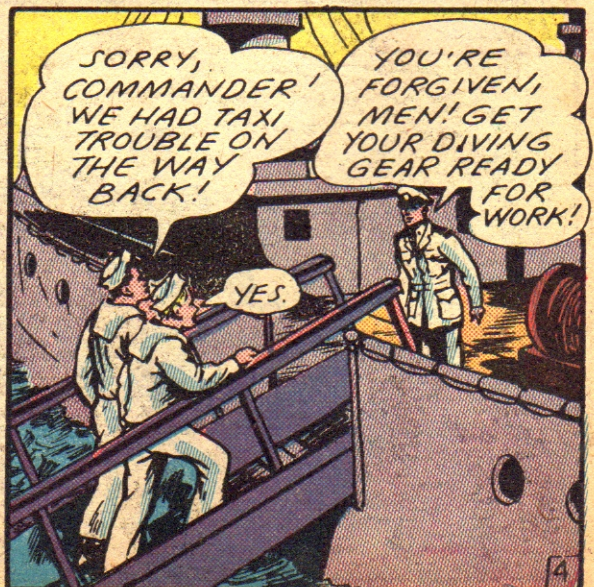


LIEUTENANT CRANDALL! SEAMAN JIM FLANNER AND C.P.O. STEVE KIMBALL HAVE NOT RETURNED FROM LIBERTY!

I KNOW, SIR!



OH, WAIT! HERE THEY COME NOW! WE CAN SHOVE OFF!



SORRY, COMMANDER! WE HAD TAXI TROUBLE ON THE WAY BACK!

YOU'RE FORGIVEN, MEN! GET YOUR DIVING GEAR READY FOR WORK!

YES.

HMM! THEY BOTH ACT
STRANGELY! TOO MUCH
GOOD TIME, I'D SAY!



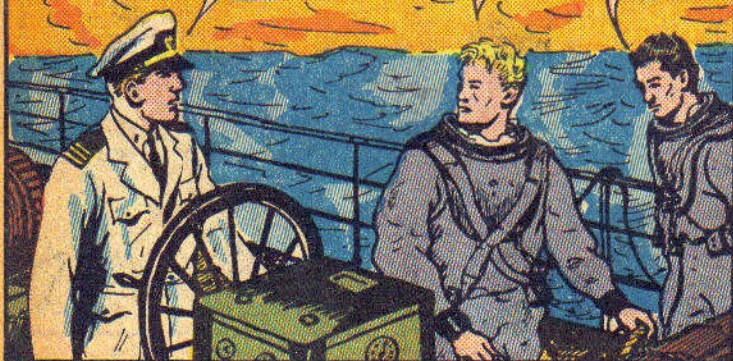
THE SALVAGE BOAT HEADS FOR
DEEP WATER IN THE HARBOR--



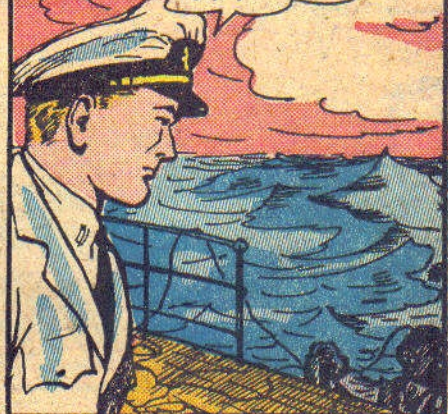
STEVE! JIM! YOU TWO WILL
MAKE THE PRELIMINARY
DIVES TO MAP OUT
THE POSITIONS
OF THESE THREE
TICKETS TO
DEATH BELOW!

YES,
SIR!

WE'RE
READY!

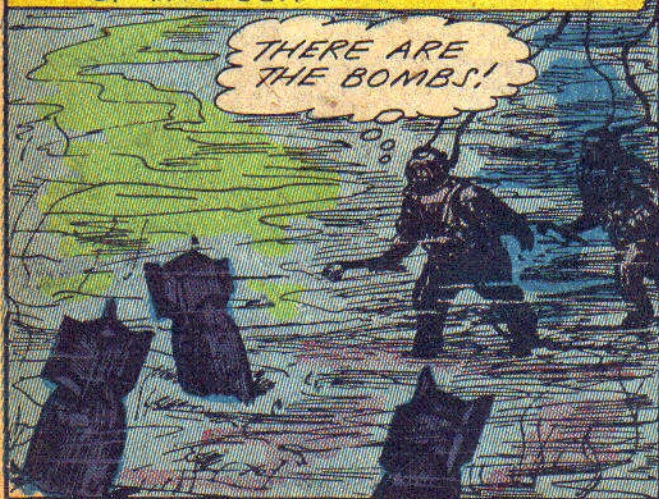


HMM! THERE'S SOME-
THING FUNNY ABOUT
THE BOYS! I'LL
QUESTION THEM
WHEN THEY COME
UP!



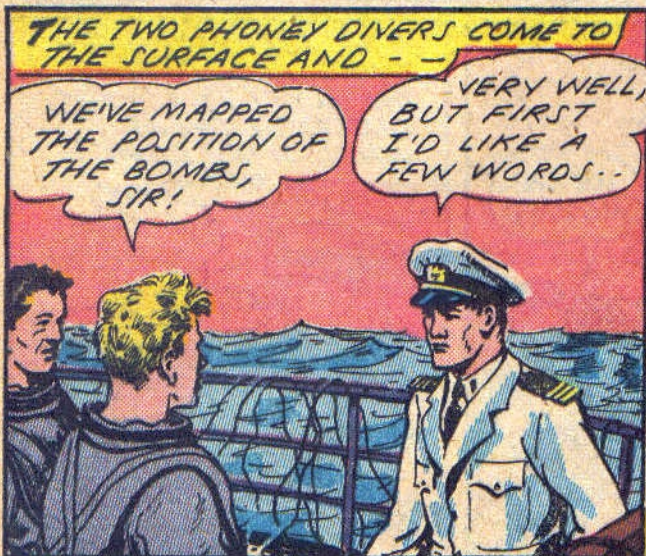
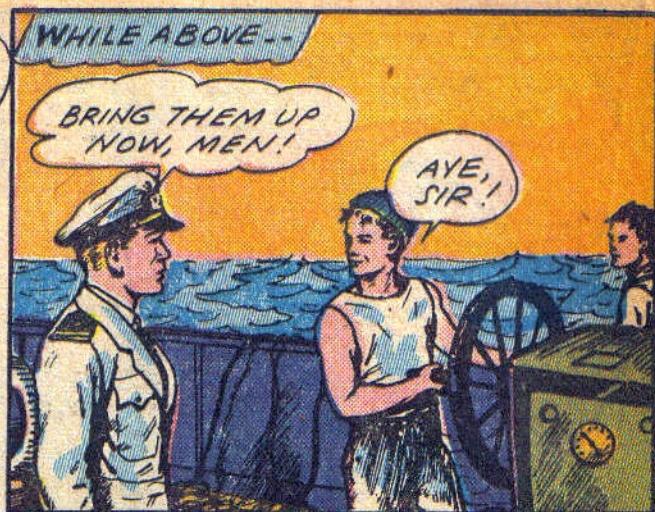
BELOW IN THE BLUE GREEN MASS
OF THE SEA --

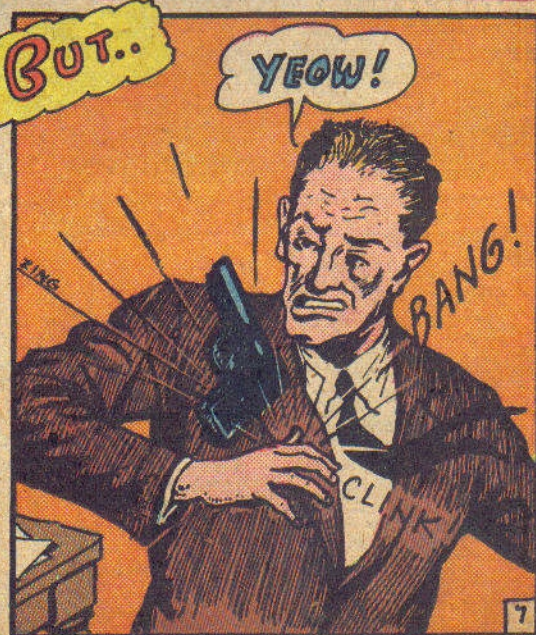
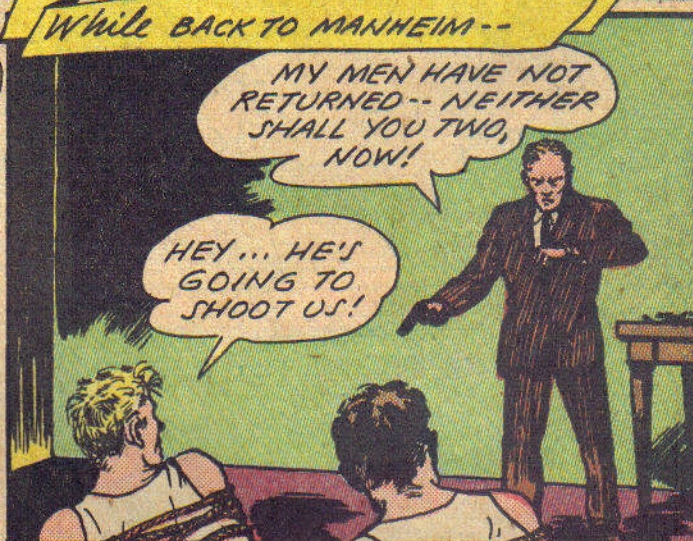
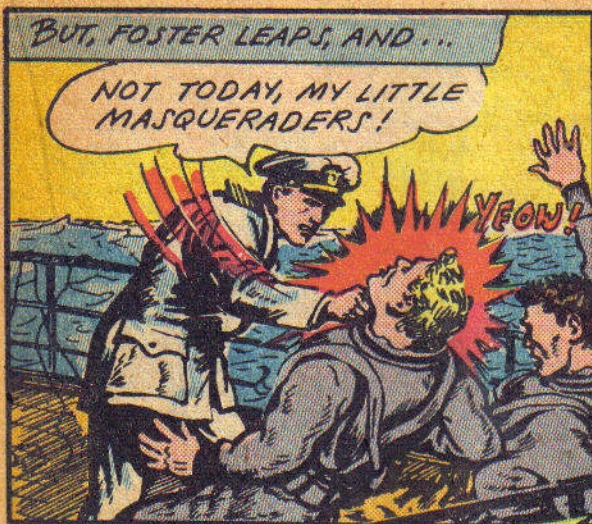
THERE ARE
THE BOMBS!



NOW TO SCRAPE AWAY
THIS MUCK FROM THE
BOMB HEAD AND...







LT. COMMANDER FOSTER AND THE SHORE PATROL BURST IN...

OKAY, MANHEIM!
YOUR PLAY IS
FINISHED!..

... AS OF
NOW!

OW!

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS?

YEAH, SKIP,
BUT WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?

BACK ON BOARD THE SALVAGE
BOAT!

THOSE NAZIS WERE
UP TO SOMETHING
BELOW! I'LL GO DOWN
PERSONALLY AND
FIND OUT!

BE
CAREFUL,
LLOYD!

MINUTES LATER, BELOW - - -

HMM! I GET THE WHOLE SET-UP!
TAMPERED WITH THE BOMBS TO
BLOW US ALL
SKI-HI! TOO
BAD IT
DIDN'T
WORK,
NAZIS!

FOSTER RETURNS TO THE BOAT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO
HOIST THOSE BOMBS OUT OF
THE WATER! HAVE CABLES
SENT BELOW!

AYE,
SIR!

AND SO ... LATER...

THERE'S THE LAST ONE! THEY WON'T
TROUBLE US RESTING ON THE
BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC!

HA!
MAYBE WE
SHOULD
AIR MAIL
THEM TO
HIROHITO!

AND IN PARTING,
DEAR READERS, ALL
I CAN SAY IS KEEP
ON BUYING MORE
WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS!

Lloyd Foster U.S.N.

The

JUDGE And the JURY

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING IN
THE METRO BATHS
AT THE TIME
OF THE MURDER,
CON-VICTOR?

METRO STEAM BATH

ON A SWIRL OF OPAQUE
STEAM, MURDER BECOMES
THE SEARING HI-LITE
OF A STRING OF CRIMES
WHICH PLACES THE
JUDGE ON A BLAZING
TRAIL, CLIMAXED WITH
SUSPENSE IN - - -
THE CASE OF THE
"LITTLE BLACK
BOOK MURDER!"

ME? ARE
YOU KIDDIN',
JUDGE? WHY--
I WASN'T
EVEN THERE,
HA! HA!

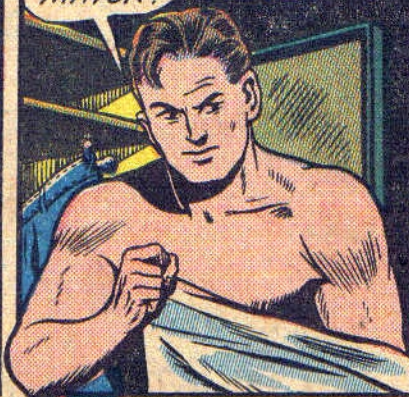
BUT, CON-VICTOR WAS THERE, FOR WHEN JIM LAWSON, THE JUDGE, ENTERED THE BATHS, HE SAW --

CON-VICTOR! THE EX-RACKET MAN! I DIDN'T KNOW HE TOOK STEAM BATHS!



IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

I THOUGHT VICTOR WAS STILL OUT OF TOWN AND HIDING FROM THE WRATH OF THE MAYOR!



OH, WELL... A GOOD STEAM-SESSION AND THE CARES OF THE DAY WILL WASH AWAY!



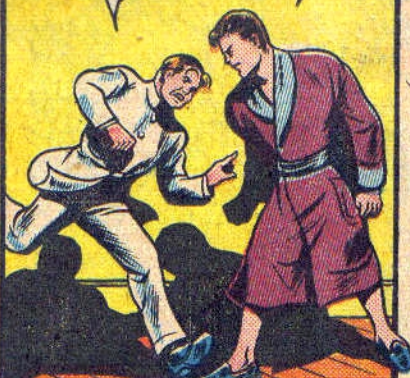
BUT SUDDENLY --

GREAT GUNS! WHO SCREAMED?



IT'S THE MAN IN NUMBER EIGHT, SIR! OVER HERE, QUICK!

JUST LEAD ME TO HIM!



H-H-E'S BURN'T TO A CRISP!

GOOD LORD! CALL A DOCTOR! I'LL GET THE POLICE!



MINUTES LATER, THE DOCTOR AND POLICE ARRIVE --

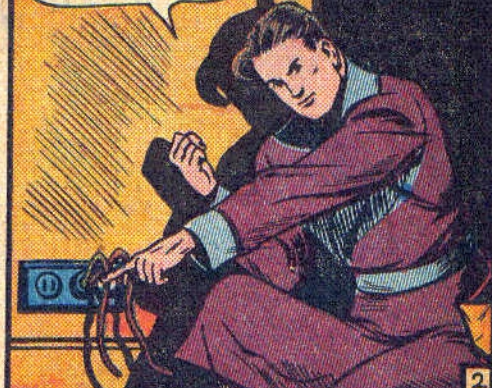
MR. LAWSON! THIS MAN DIED OF ELECTROCUTION!

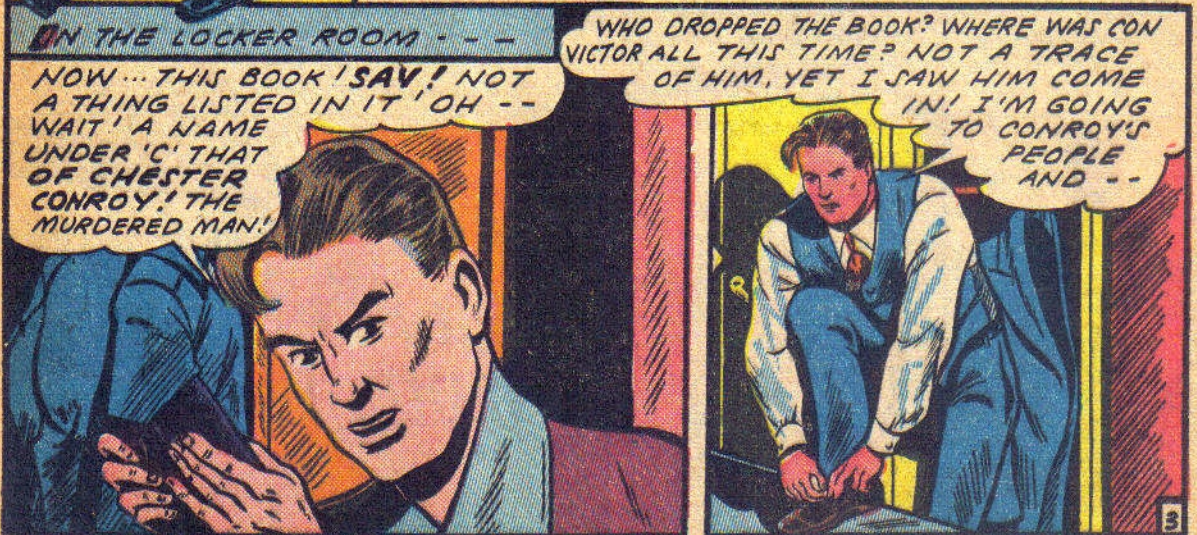
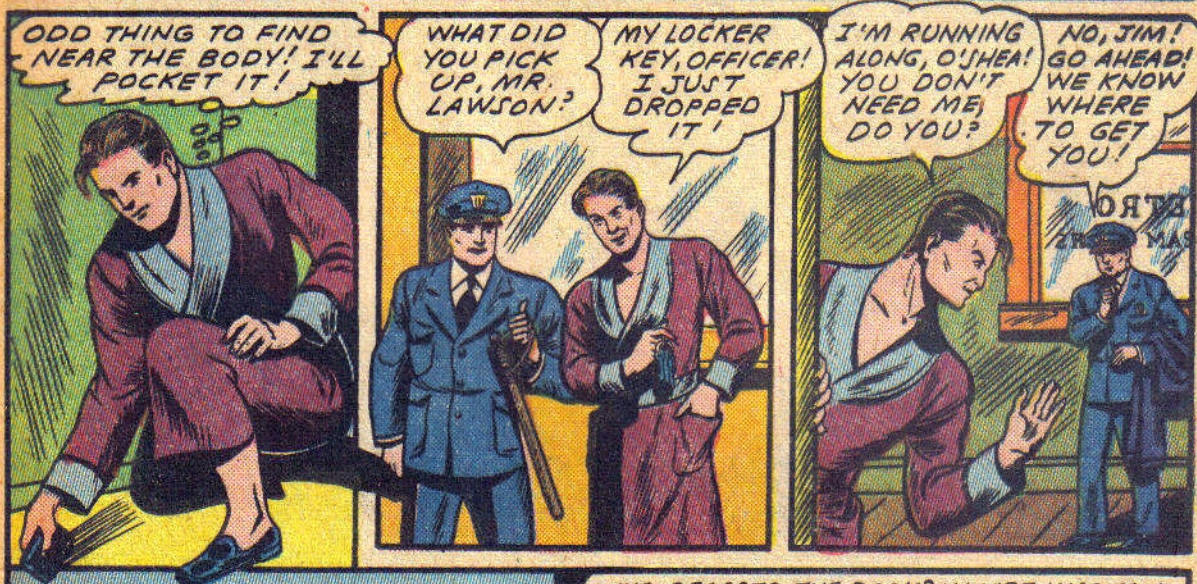
ELECTROCUTED? BUT HOW?

I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN THAT!



SOMEONE PLACED THESE BARED WIRES ON THE NECK OF THE VICTIM! THIS IS DELIBERATE MURDER!





AT 56, SOUTH DRIVE, LATER--

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!
SOMEONE IS
ANSWERING!

RING!

YES, I'M
MISS CONROY.
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

I'M JIM
LAWSON!
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED--MAY
I COME IN?

JIM REVEALS WHAT HAPPENED
AT THE BATHS - - -

--SO, I CAME AT ONCE TO
NOTIFY YOU BEFORE THE
POLICE COME!

OH!
POOR
FATHER!

DID A MISTER
CON VICTOR
EVER VISIT
YOUR FATHER?

NO! DAD'S
ONLY
CALLER
WAS
A MISTER
MANUEL WHO
CAME ON
BUSINESS

MANUEL? HMM! I
THOUGHT VICTOR WAS
SURE TO BE IN ON
THIS SOMEHOW!
YET--

THANK YOU FOR MISTER MANUEL'S
ADDRESS, MISS CONROY. I'LL DO
ALL I CAN FOR YOU.
GOOD BYE!

GOODBYE,
MR. LAWSON!

A SHORT TIME LATER--

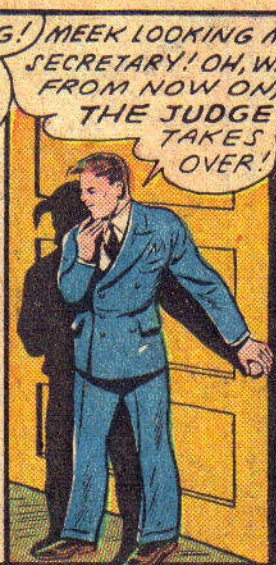
E.E. MANUEL ENTERPRISES! NOW
IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO
LEARN WHAT THESE ENTERPRISES
CONSIST OF!

E.E. MANUEL
Enterprises

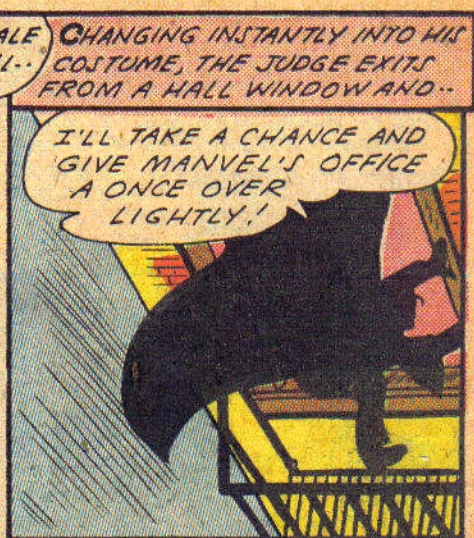


I'M MR. MANUEL'S SECRETARY! HE'S NOT IN AT PRESENT! IS THERE--

NO! NOTHING! THIS IS PERSONAL! I'LL LEAVE!

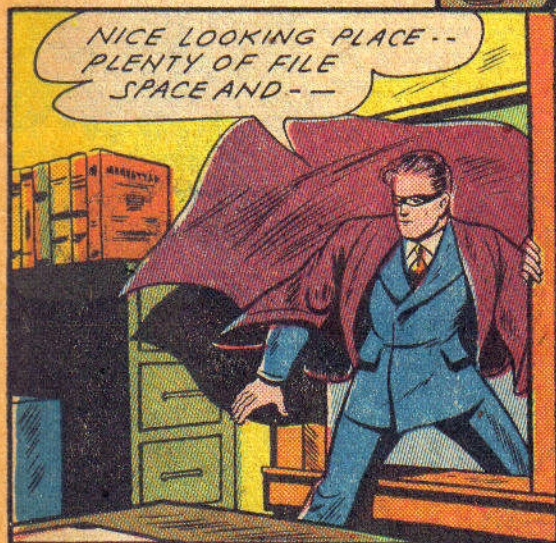


MEEK LOOKING MALE SECRETARY! OH, WELL-- FROM NOW ON, THE JUDGE TAKES OVER!



CHANGING INSTANTLY INTO HIS COSTUME, THE JUDGE EXITS FROM A HALL WINDOW AND--

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND GIVE MANUEL'S OFFICE A ONCE OVER LIGHTLY!



NICE LOOKING PLACE-- PLENTY OF FILE SPACE AND--



OH! SOME MORE BLACK BOOKS! EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE I FOUND!



... AND EACH ONE HAS BUT ONE NAME ENTERED! I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A LITTLE MORE THAN JUST A RAT! TELEPHONE NUMBER ON EACH OF THESE!



SOFTLY, THE JUDGE PHONES THE WHOLE LISTING - - -

HELLO, MR. JACOBS! THIS IS MANUEL - - - COME RIGHT OVER!

YES, MISTER MANUEL!

JUST THEN, A SNARLING FIGURE ENTERS WITH TWO HENCHMEN!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE?

COME IN, CON VICTOR.. OR IS IT MANUEL?

BUT...

WISE GUY, EH? PROBIN' AROUN' FER TROUBLE AN' FOUND OUT I'M CON VICTOR AN' MANVEL ALL ROLLED INTA ONE, EH? GET HIM, BOYS!

NOT SO FAST, YOU SCHEMING HUMAN DEVIL!

YOW!

OW! STOP!

YOU'RE PLAYING THE ROTTENEST GAME OF ALL! I'M GOING TO SPOIL YOUR SCORE, VICTOR!

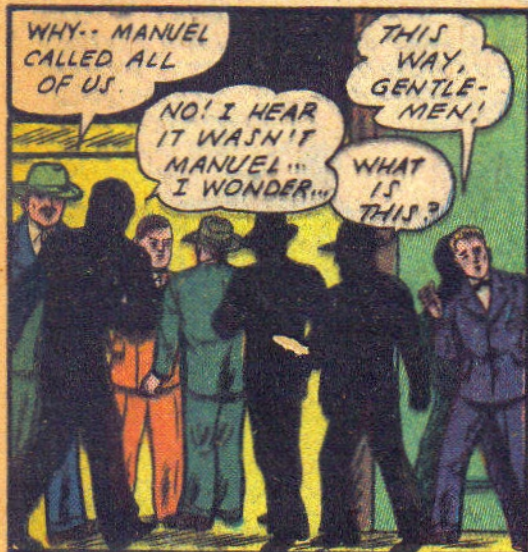
JUST LIKE THIS!

GOT INK IN YOUR ORBS, EH? THAT'S TOO BAD! NOW SET DOWN AND BE GOOD OR I'LL MAKE YOU DRINK THE INK!

JUST THEN, THE SECRETARY ENTERS MEEKLY.

GET OUT THERE AND USHER IN THOSE MEN I PHONED TO COME HERE!

Y-YES, SIR!



WHY.. MANUEL
CALLED ALL
OF US.

NO! I HEAR
IT WASN'T
MANUEL...
I WONDER...

THIS
WAY,
GENTLE-
MEN!

WHAT
IS
THIS?

ONCE
INSIDE,
THE MEN
ARE
ATTENDED
TO SEE
THE
JUDGE
THERE..
HE
JEATS
THEM
DOWN
AND...



GENTLEMEN! THE MYSTERY IS OVER!
I KNOW MANUEL'S OR, CON-VICTOR'S
BUSINESS IS BLACKMAIL!



THERE SITS THE DEVIL WHO
HAS BEEN SQUEEZING ALL OF
YOU TO KEEP HIM QUIET! DO
YOU WANT THIS PERRIDI
TO CONTINUE?



NO! NO! WE ARE LOOKING
FOR A WAY OUT! YOU
MUST HELP US AGAINST
THIS MAN, JUDGE!



THAT'S WHAT I'M
HERE FOR, AND
ANOTHER THING..



TO BRING CON-VICTOR BEFORE THE COURT AS
THE MURDERER OF CHESTER CONROY WHO
REFUSED TO PAY VICTOR BLACK-
MAIL AND WAS MURDERED!

WHAT?

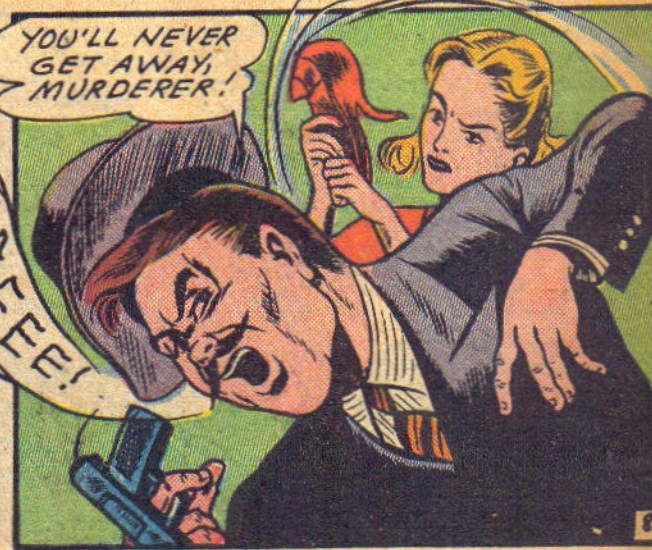
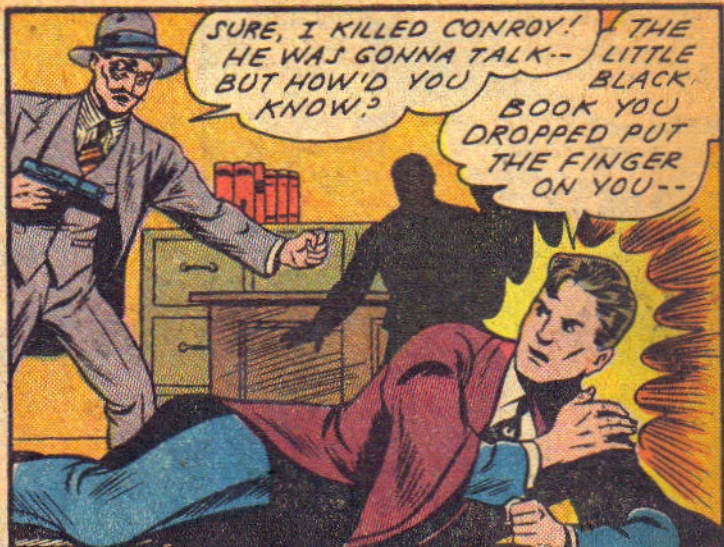


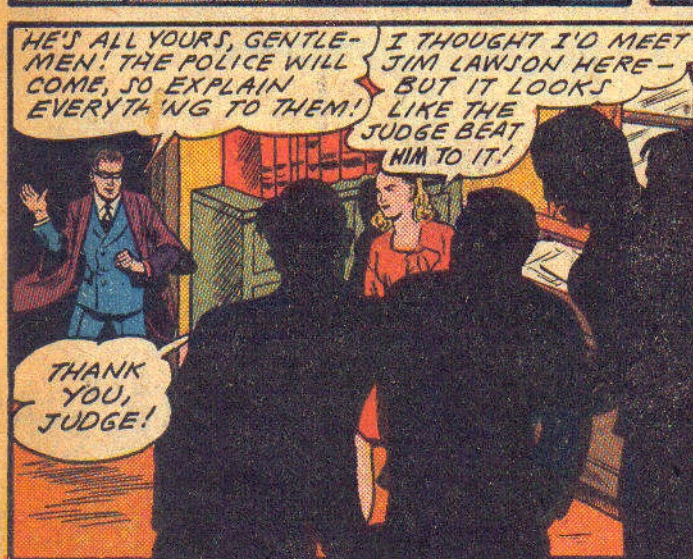
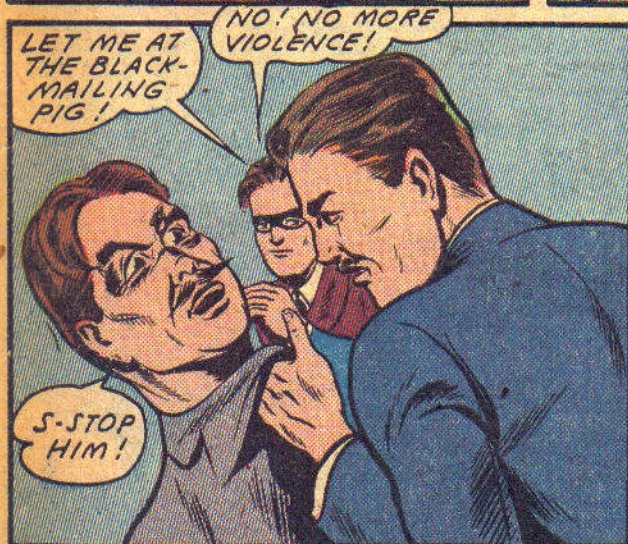
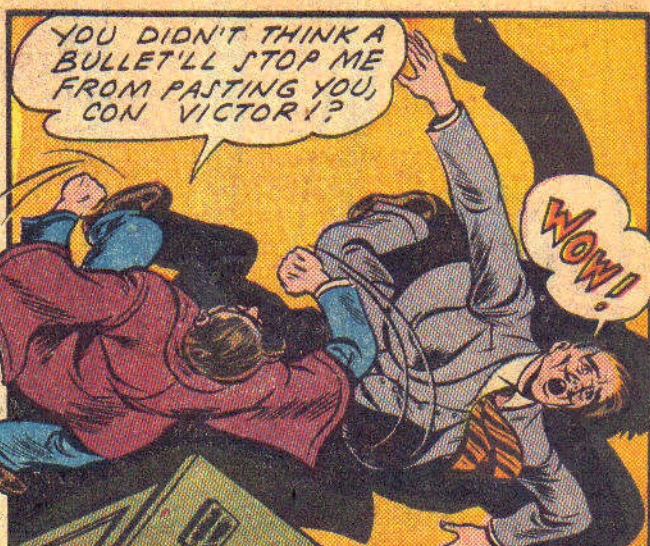
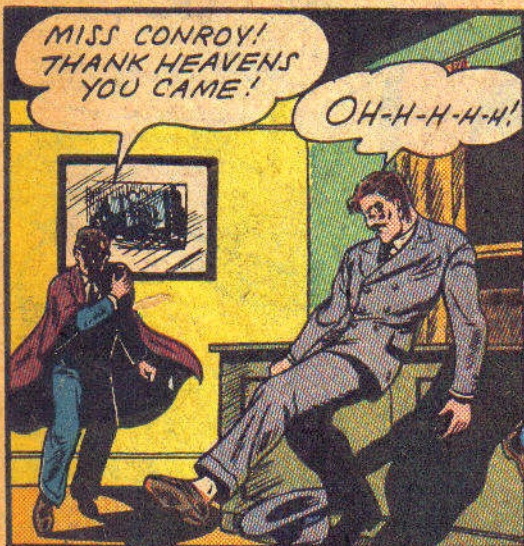
AS THE JUDGE TALKS, VICTOR--

GENTLEMEN! THE PUBLIC WILL
NEVER KNOW WHAT VICTOR
HAS ON YOU, SO

THE FOOL DIDN'T
SEARCH ME!

DO NOT WORRY!





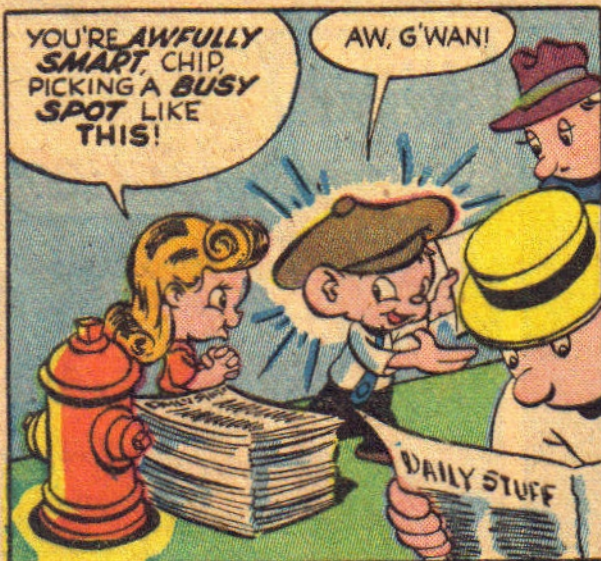
CHIP

BOY! THE WAY THESE PAPERS ARE SELLING, I'LL BE A **MILLIONAIRE!**



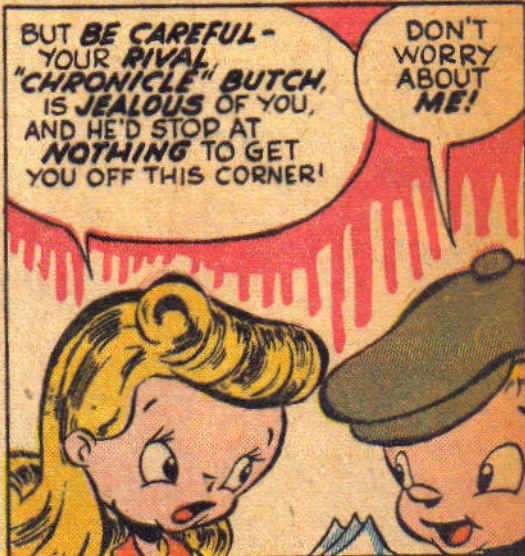
YOU'RE **AWFUL**LY SMART, CHIP, PICKING A **BUSY SPOT** LIKE THIS!

AW, G'WAN!



BUT **BE CAREFUL** - YOUR RIVAL, "**CHRONICLE**" BUTCH, IS **JEALOUS** OF YOU, AND HE'D STOP AT **NOTHING** TO GET YOU OFF THIS CORNER!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME!**

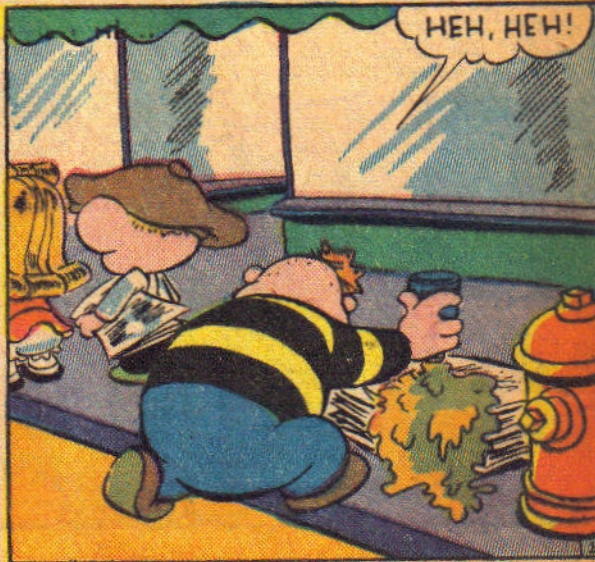


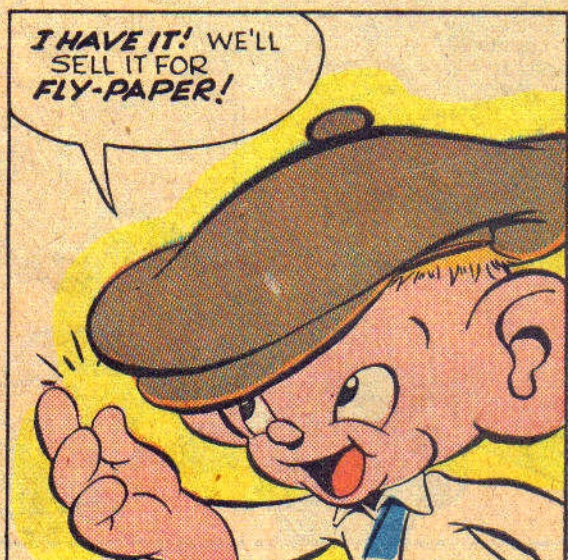
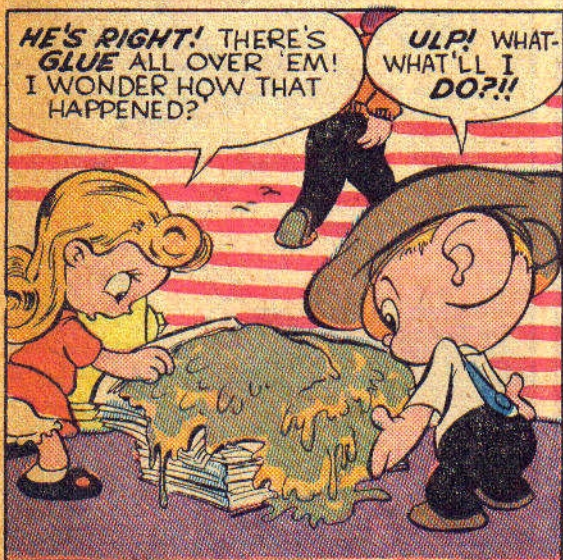
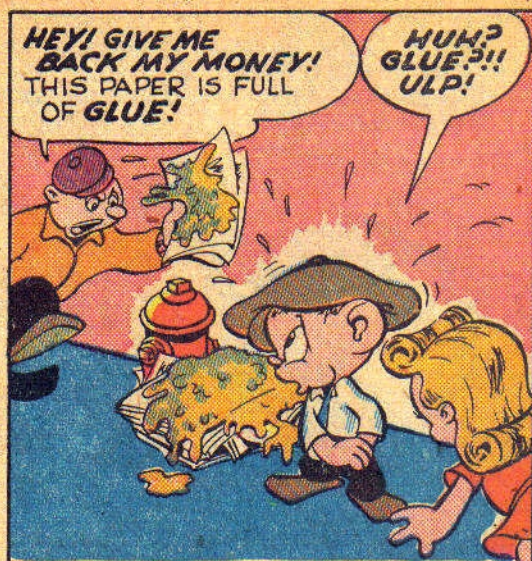
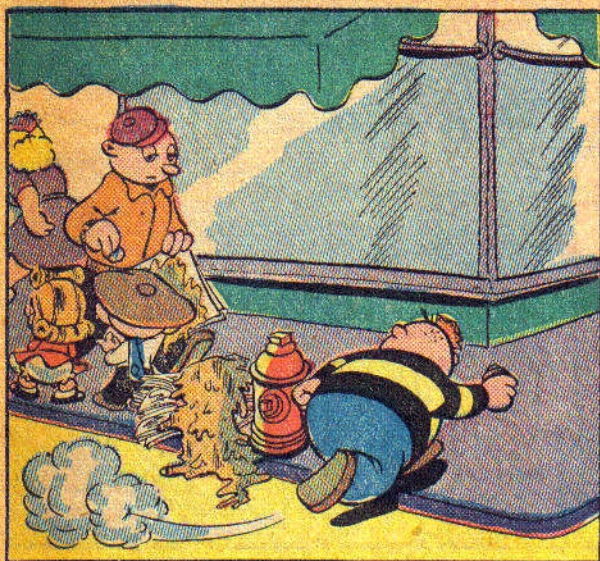
AHA! IT'S BUTCH PEEKING 'ROUND THE CORNER...

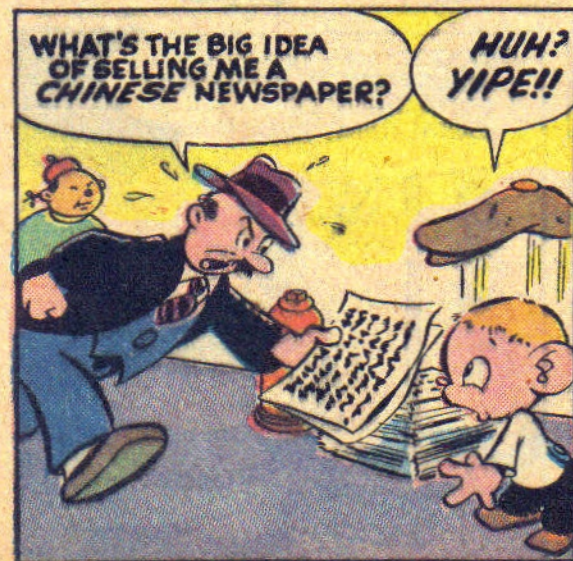
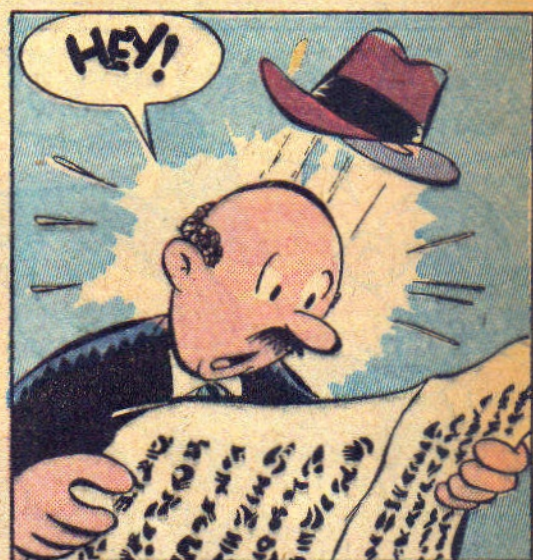
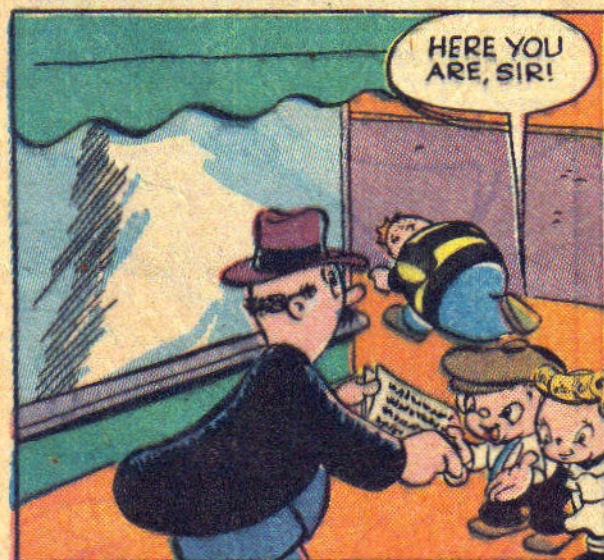
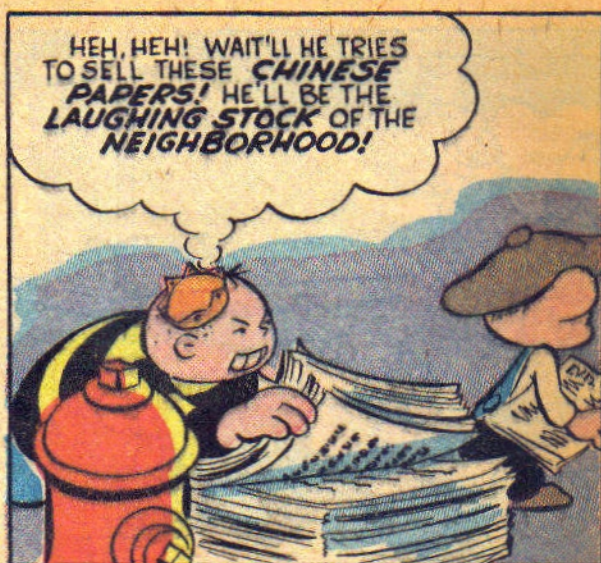
DIS JAR OF **GLUE** OUGHTTA **GUM THINGS UP** FOR DAT **BRAT!**



HEH, HEH!







YOU HAVE MORE? I WILL SEND MY FRIENDS FROM **CHOP SUEY HOUSES** AND **HAND LAUNDRIES!** THEY BE HAPPY TO BUY **PAGODA NEWS!**

THAT'S SWELL!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT — ONE AT A TIME!

COPY OF **PAGODA NEWS** HERE!

LET US HAVE ONE, TOO!

YOU HAVE **PAGODA NEWS?** GIVE, PLEASE!

GRRR!! I'M GETTING DESPERATE!

ARE WE MAKING MONEY? I WONDER WHO—

SH! IT WAS BUTCH! HERE HE COMES NOW — WITH A PAIL — **A PAIL OF TAR!** I'LL FIX HIM!

HAVE A NICE TRIP!

OOPS!!

GLUB!

GOOD-BYE, **RASTUS!**

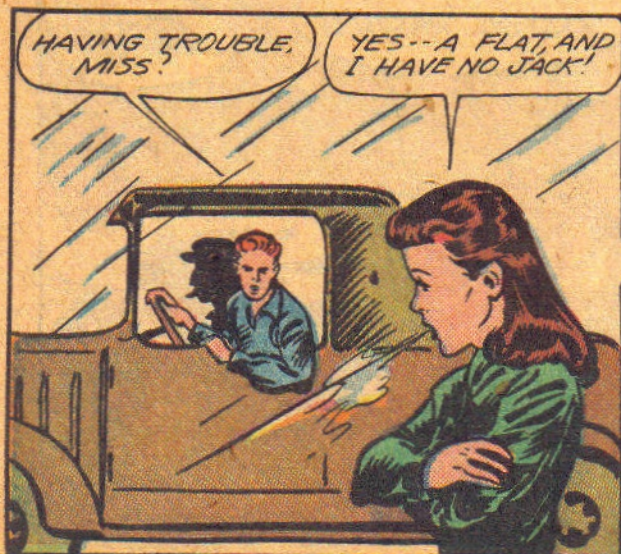
BAW!

The End!

RED-RIOT



OUR STORY STARTS OFF WITH RED-RIOT AND JAKE ON THEIR WAY TO A FAR-OFF LUMBER CAMP DURING A SNOW STORM...



HAVING TROUBLE, MISS?

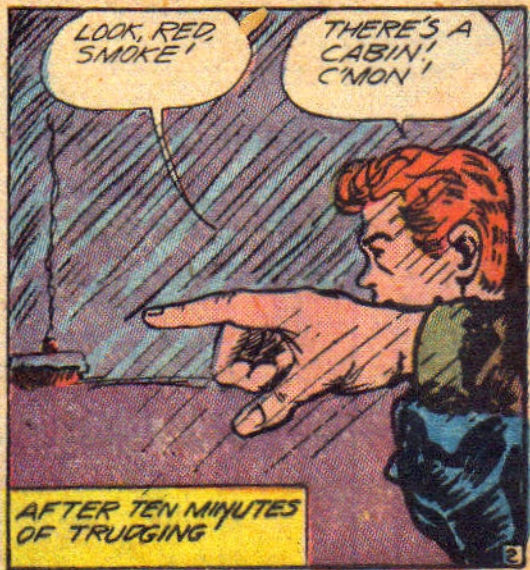
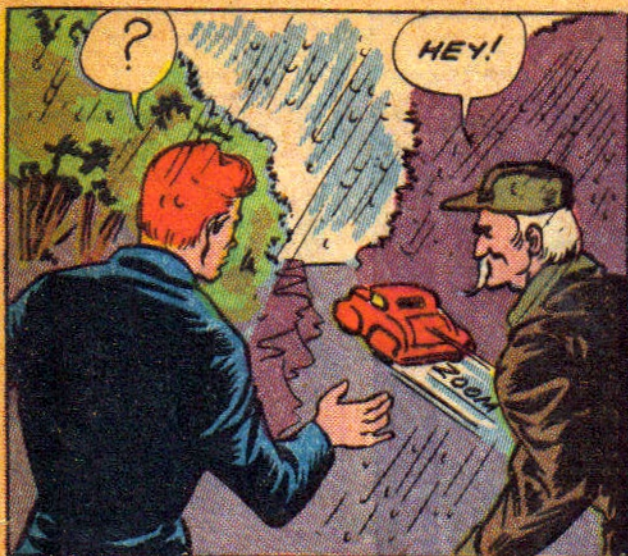
YES--A FLAT, AND I HAVE NO JACK!



THE BOYS HELP HER OUT---

THERE SHE IS, MISS---MISS--

NANCY---ER NANCY LONG!





THERE'S
A CAR,
TOO!

GOSH! LET'S
SEE WHO
OWNS THIS NEST
IN THE WOODS!



SUDDENLY!

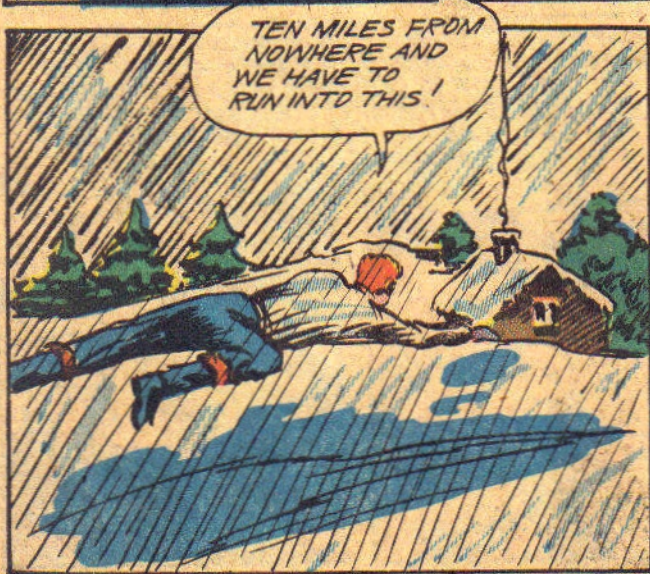
WHA--!

OH-OH!
LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE NOT
WANTED!



WE CAN'T STAY
HERE ALL DAY!
I'M CRAWLING
TO THE REAR
OF THE HOUSE,
JAKE!

YEAH,
BUT
BE
CAREFUL!



TEN MILES FROM
NOWHERE AND
WE HAVE TO
RUN INTO THIS!

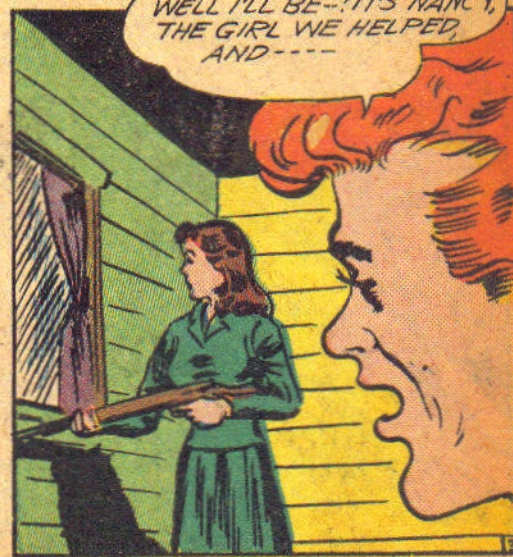


RED RIOT ARRIVES AT THE REAR---

NO ONE ON
GUARD HERE!
GUESS IT'S SAFE
TO GO IN!



HMM! SOMEONE
IN THE FRONT
ROOM! I'LL SNEAK
UP ON THEM!



WELL I'LL BE--! IT'S NANCY,
THE GIRL WE HELPED,
AND---

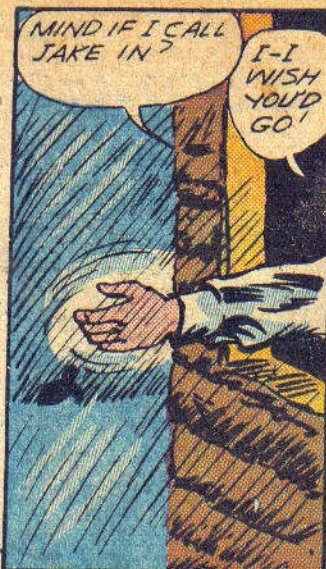
ALL RIGHT, MISS LONG!
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH
TARGET PRACTICE!

OH-IT'S
YOU!



MIND IF I CALL
JAKE IN?

I-I
WISH
YOU'D
GO!



WA'AL, I'LL BE
A FROZEN
FLOUNDER!

SURPRISE,
JAKE!



I'M SORRY! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE INTRUDERS!
MY BROTHER IS VERY
ILL IN THE NEXT ROOM!
SHOT HIMSELF
ACCIDENTALLY!



GOSH! HE DOES
LOOK TERRIBLY
SICK! HADN'T YOU
BETTER CALL
A DOCTOR!

DOCTOR? ER--
YES-WE'VE
HAD ONE
ALREADY!



MIGHT AS WELL MAKE
OURSELVES COZY
UNTIL THIS
BLIZZARD BLOWS
OVER!

ER--
YES!



WA'AL, I'LL BE A
FROSTED
RED 'CMERE!



LOOKIT
THIS
PAPER!

WHUT
IS
IT?





HEY! LANK DENNIS, ESCAPED MURDERER, SHOT WHILE RESISTING POLICE STILL HUNTED! HERE'S HIS PICTURE -- HOLY MUD! IT'S THE SICK GUY INSIDE!



JUST THEN...
YEAH! IT'S ME! STAND BACK!

LANK! PLEASE--YOU'RE TOO WEAK!



I'M NOT THE MURDERER! I JUST HAPPENED BY THE STORE AS IT WAS BEING ROBBED AND FOOLISHLY PICKED UP THE MURDER WEAPON---I-I-- WON'T BE---
AH--- OHHHH!

HE'S FAINTING!



THE INJURED MAN PASSES OUT, AND...

I'M BRINGING A DOCTOR BACK, MISS DENNIS!

YES--AND THAT MEANS T-THE POLICE!



HOURS LATER...

OH! YOU'VE BROUGHT THE POLICE AS WELL AS THE DOCTOR!

I HAD TO MISS DENNIS! SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAS HAPPENED!



THE POLICE HAVE FOUND THE REAL MURDERER! YOUR BROTHER'S A FREE MAN!

OH-- OH! I'M SO HAPPY!



AMAZING! LANK WILL LIVE! IT WAS THAT NEWS THAT BROUGHT HIM NEW STRENGTH!

C'MON, JAKE! THE STORM'S OVER! LET'S GET GOING!

THANKS TO RED!

YEAH! AN' LET'S NOT BUMP INTO ENNY MORE WIMMIN!

The End ...

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

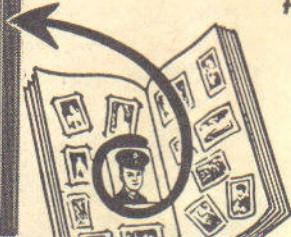
Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

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Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

State

NEW True-Love and Friendship RING and Matching EARRINGS

PENDANT HEART DESIGN
What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

\$1.95 EACH
10 DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY



EXTRA WIDE

SEND TODAY GIVEN

If you order BOTH the Ring AND Earrings and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

Hollywood Photo Folder



Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. **SEND NO MONEY** with order. Wear 10 days on money-back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 43 EP Jefferson, Iowa
I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name
Address
City
State Ring Size

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

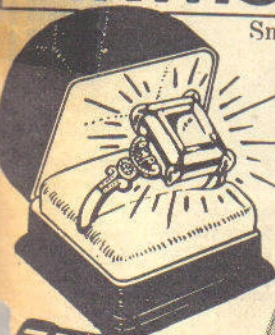
Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-190 Jefferson, Iowa
Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-190 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Gift I would like to have you send me.



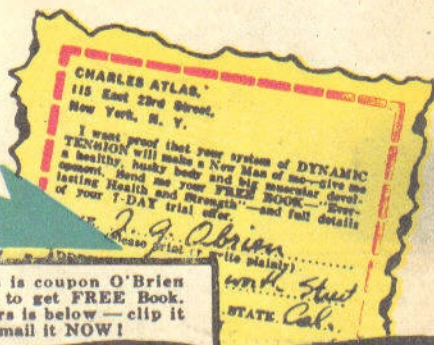
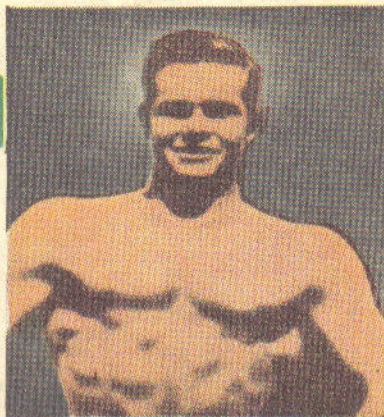
Telescope spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary
snapshot of one of
Charles Atlas' Cali-
fornian pupils.



...and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!

J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"

J. G. O'Brien.

"I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN"

Charles Atlas

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension." You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.



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An untouched photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" can help make me a New Man—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your FREE book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." No obligation.

Name (Please print or write plainly)
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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

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RURAL HOME 15640 AREA
EDWIN HAMILTON 2/45
2747 MADISON CHICAGO

corner

1
2
3
4
5
6
7

HARRY FISK
→

M WHITMAN 0

LOUIS SCHROEDER + ? ?

HING
→

BROOSKY ?

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